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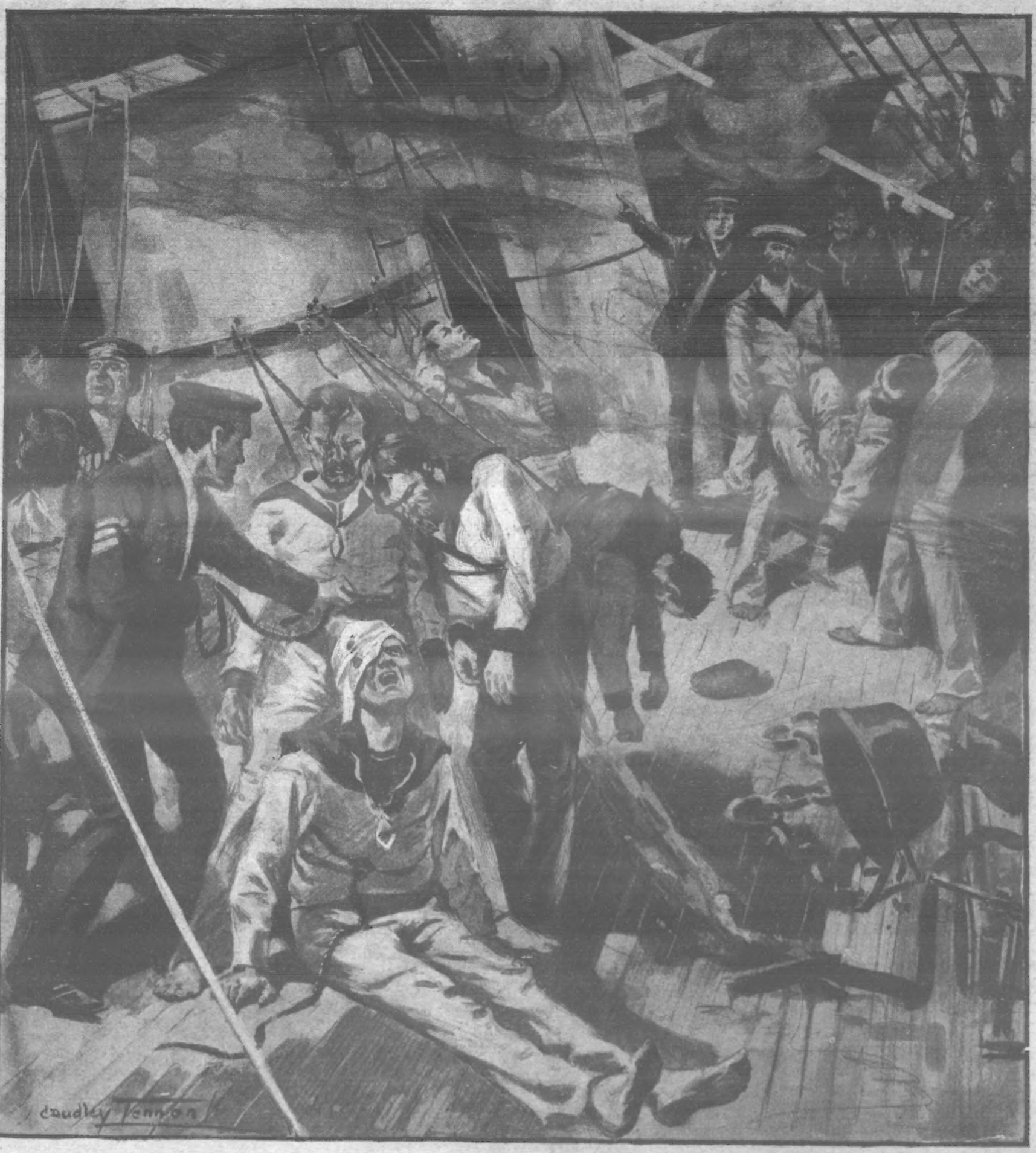
KING OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND. SHERBORNE PAGEANT.

Special Article and Pictures Inside.



THE "OREL'S" LAST STAND: A TERRIBLE FIGHT TO THE FINISH.

A terrible story concerning the "Orel" is in circulation. It is said that at the very opening of the fight 300 were killed and wounded on board the battleship, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded exercised so harmful an effect upon the rest of the men that an extreme course had to be determined upon. The men who were wounded beyond all hope were, it is said, cast overboard to the number of 140. Those who were slightly wounded were placed round the mast, being made fast with ropes, and thus they could not hinder the fighting of the ship.

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CHIVERS' JELLIES

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Soothing Syrup
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GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS,
which is a Certain Remedy for the Cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, and Bunions. (Registered Copyright.)

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WITH THIS WEEK'S
HOME NOTES
(No. 506.)
A PAPER PATTERN OF THIS
BLOUSE.
Of all Bookstalls and Newsagents.
PRICE 1d.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Duchess of Connaught.

The Duchess of Connaught, according to the *British Weekly*, has trained her children to take an active personal interest in many forms of religious work. When travelling with her husband to India in 1890, the Duchess was careful to discourage betting on board ship, and she and the Duke supported the religious services that were held on the vessel. While many other passengers moved off to gamble, smoke, or read novels, their Royal Highnesses joined heartily in the singing and took part in all the acts of worship. If the Duchess were delayed in coming to meals, she would send word that no one was to wait for her. Her dress on board ship was exceptionally simple, and she made a point of speaking kindly words to fellow-passengers who were suffering from illness or depression.

A General's Novel Suggestions.

General G. F. Chapman, C.B., urges, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, that the responsibility of obtaining recruits for the territorial regiments should be transferred to the local authorities. Committees should be established in every county and municipality, under the Lord-Lieutenant or Mayor, with the deputy-lieutenants, county councillors, magistrates, and other persons of authority and influence as members, whose duty it should be to make known the requirements of the service, and to encourage suitable men to come forward. They should be in close communication with the local military authorities, but the civilian character of the committee should be strictly maintained. The county or borough committee should have a free hand in settling the details of procedure in their own district, so as to suit them to the local conditions of labour, which vary greatly in different parts of the country; and they should be encouraged to use the means that seem to them best fitted to attain the desired end. As in America, advertisements might be inserted in the local papers, giving the address of the recruiting offices, which should be in accessible and respectable localities, and where full information as to the pay and prospects of the soldier should be obtainable personally or by letter. This local system of recruiting should apply both to the regular army and to the militia, and could be used both for the home short-service battalions and for the long-service battalions for foreign service, should such eventually be adopted.

A £400 Joint.

A contemporary tells the following story of the lavish generosity of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild: On one occasion when King Edward (then Prince of Wales) announced his intention of lunching with the Baron, the latter, hearing that there was nothing his distinguished guest liked so much as the roast beef of old England, sent a messenger by special train to London for a specimen sirloin and brought over the chef of the Marlborough Club to ensure the success of the cooking. The cost of the joint amounted to £400.

How to be Tall.

A Kansas City youth, whose appointment as a cadet at the Naval Academy depends upon his ability to attain a height of 5ft. 2in. by June, is being stretched on a special machine. He has gained one inch since January.

A Parish with Fifteen Curates.

The Vicar of Portsea has no fewer than fifteen curates. No other church in the land, says the *Sunday Strand*, can boast of such an army of curates attached to it; even Leeds Parish Church, probably the next to Portsea in this respect, stops at eleven.

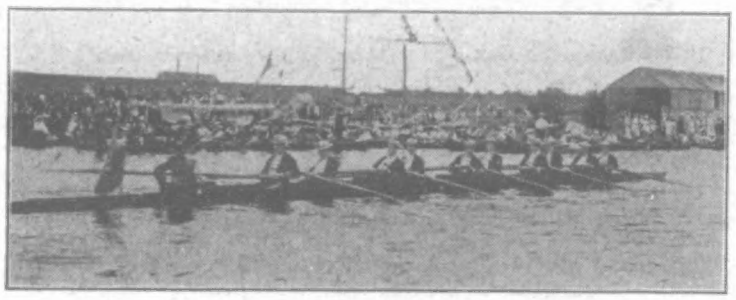
American Women and England.

Lady Henry Somerset relates, in the *New York American*, a conversation she had at a club in London for American women with a prominent American, who said that in all her experience of American women living in England she had only known one who was really homesick. "How do you account for this," Lady Henry asked—"do you think it is the innate beauty of the English country or the historic associations which appeal to American women?" "Both," she replied, going on to say that, of course, there were several things that were missed on first coming to England, "but we soon become accustomed to them, and, indeed, afterwards prefer the English ways. Then the climate is so splendid, you can work here all the year round. It is never too hot or too cold. A woman is not forced to leave her husband during the hot weather. Families can remain together, and enjoy the town or the country, as the case may be. The climate is less exciting, and better for the nerves." "But it is not your idea that American women miss the adulation which is lavished upon them in their own country?" "I think at first they do," she replied, "but by and by they begin to see that they can occupy a plane of frank comradeship with men, and that on the whole it is a far greater compliment than the mere admiration, which, nevertheless, leaves them outside the work and interests of the men's world. So, therefore, in the long run, I think they prefer the country which gives them a greater equality with man, allows them to share his pursuits, his interests, and his work, instead of placing them on a pedestal to be adored in men's leisure moments. There is more companionship here between the sexes."

Photo, Mendelssohn.
PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, who is to marry Prince Adolphus of Norway and Sweden at Windsor on June 15.

Pigeons for a Naval War.

Mr. Pretyman states that, so far, upwards of 2,000 secretaries and members of pigeon-flying clubs have been communicated with, and the result is that some 600 members have been enrolled in the corps of pigeon owners willing on the outbreak of war to devote their birds to the naval service.


THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON: The procession of boats. The "Monarch" (a unique ten-oar boat) leaving the landing stage.

The Slump in Milkmaids.

Referring to our paragraph under the above title in a recent issue, Mr. James Lowe, of Billinghay, Lincoln, writes to say that the slump is not surprising in the least, considering the present state of the law relating to all agricultural workers. He tells me that when a girl hires herself out as a milkmaid she has to do so for one whole year at the very least, and that naturally girls prefer employment which leaves them more freedom—where they can, at any rate, leave at a month's notice. Mr. Lowe adds that any agricultural labourer or ploughman has to engage upon the same terms and can only leave within a year with the express consent of the farmer.

By the way, our correspondent mentions that he has been a reader of the *P.I.P.* for many years, and in that time has never missed a single issue.

The "Saturday's" Cow.

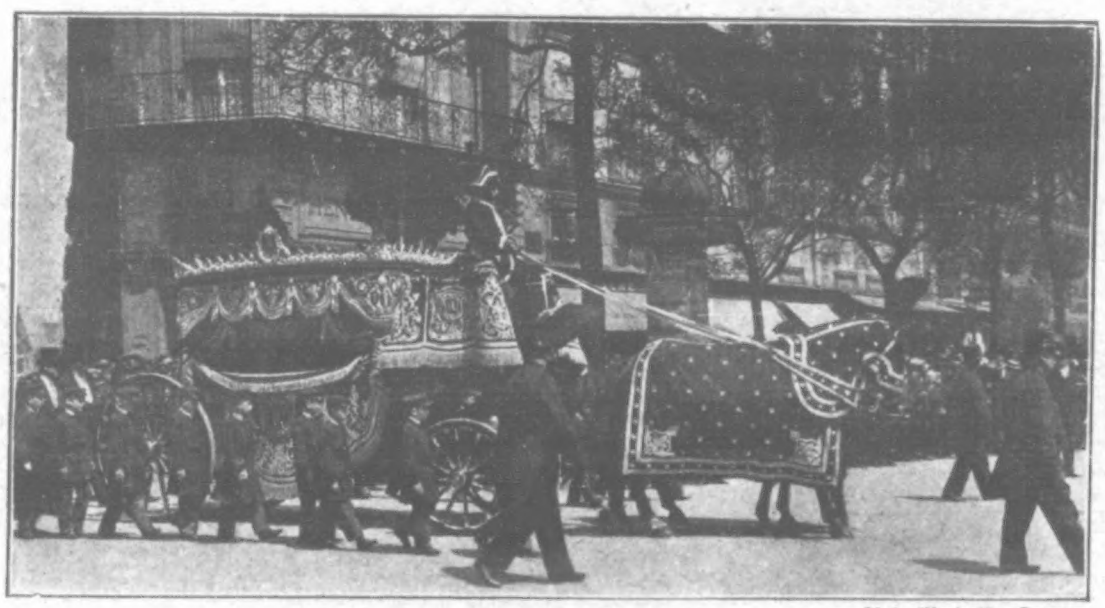
The *Saturday Review* says: It is a pity Mr. Marshall Hall, M.P., has not acted up to his "pledge" to give three acres and a cow to any man in his constituency who could farm the acres and milk the cow. It is not his "personal honour" that is affected, but his reputation as an electioneer. It would be a very good thing to illustrate the fatuity of the three acres and a cow policy—which Lord Winchilsea outlined a hundred years ago—by this plan. If any Unionist candidate nursing an agricultural constituency wishes to repeat Mr. Hall's promise seriously, we shall be glad to acquire for him three acres of land in the South of England, on the receipt from him of the sum of fifty guineas. We will throw in the cow.

Thinking Aloud.

Dr. Hook, father of the Bishop of Kingston, when taking the service in Chichester Cathedral, of which he was Dean, was frequently overheard to say, "Here endeth the first lesson, and a very good lesson, too—a most excellent lesson!" Dean Burgon, his successor, had a similar habit of thinking aloud. He once concluded a reading with—"Here endeth the second lesson, though why on earth it should end there I am sure I cannot imagine."

"Who Dares?"

The following appeared in the personal column of the *Express* recently: "A really brave and daring man could help another to perform a great deed that would make his name ring throughout the British Isles. The risk? A brave man does not count it. The pay? The satisfaction of removing a stain on British arms. Visit to foreign country necessary. Who dares?—'Colonel,' Box 2,242, *Daily Express*, Tudor Street, E.C."


Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
The funeral of the late Baron Alphonse de Rothschild at Paris.

Photo, Chusseau-Flaviens.

An excellent snapshot of the King of Spain sightseeing.

A British General's Berlin Admirers.

General Kelly-Kenny, who has gone with Prince Arthur of Connaught to the marriage of the Crown Prince, will meet with a warm welcome in Berlin. None of our soldiers is more admired and respected there. None is so frequently commended in the great General Staff's History of the Boer war. In the first volume, published by Mr. Murray, for example, the preliminary orders to the Sixth Division of Roberts's main army are specially noted for excellence; his march to Klip Drift is described as a remarkable performance—twenty-six miles in twenty-four hours. And the General Staff historian can hardly find words to express adequately his admiration of Sir Thomas's self-denying conduct under the humiliation of his supersession by Lord Kitchener at Paardeberg. The episode is compared with the violent quarrel between Von Steinmetz and Von Goehen in the Franco-Prussian war, and the comparison is all in favour of General Kelly-Kenny.

Pigmies in Town.

After a very uneventful voyage, Colonel Harrison's pigmies arrived at the Royal Albert Docks on the *Orestes* last week. Since they left Cairo, where they made a short stay, the little people have shown most exemplary patience under their new condition of life. Judged by the European standard, their special "state-rooms" were, however, far from luxurious. Straw took the place of carpet, and the walls were bare. When Hamed, the Arabian interpreter, indicated to his charges that they must land, the youngest, a boy of eighteen, led the way, and the others followed with the utmost docility. They took the hands stretched out to them by the officials with the same confidence that children show with their parents. The visitors seemed rather awed by their new surroundings, and maintained an apathetic silence. Brief answers were given to any questions. "Are you glad to be on land again?" the Arabian asked, with a peculiar clucking of his tongue. One little man clucked back, and Hamed, turning round, informed our representative that they were very pleased to have come to the end of their voyage. In further conversation Hamed stated that their tastes are very simple. In the way of food they like anything sweet, but bitter things they refuse to touch. They are also strict teetotallers, having never tasted beer or other intoxicating liquors. As regards their personal appearance, the most complimentary observer could not describe even the ladies as handsome. Both they and the men have the peculiarly flattened nose of the negroid. Their hair is the most peculiar feature. It seems to grow in little round tufts, is mossy in texture, and black in colour. Their complexion is of the same dark brown colour as that of their interpreter

THE KING OF SPAIN'S VISIT: This snapshot was taken last Monday opposite the Grosvenor Hotel as the King of Spain left Victoria Station on his arrival in London. A large crowd turned out to greet him in spite of the inclemency of the weather. A record number of detectives and plain-clothes constables mixed among the crowd in order to prevent any attempt on the part of Anarchists to take the young King's life.

Alfonso Means to be a Modern King.

In view of the visit of the King of Spain to England, an article dealing with his career, which appears in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, is extremely interesting. Many, says the writer, L. Higgin, were the stories told of his childhood; one, which is well known, shows so much the characteristic determination of his later years that it is worth repeating here. While still a child in the nursery, his governess rebuked him for putting his knife in his mouth. "Gentlemen never eat like that," she said. "But I am a King," remarked the child. "Kings still less put knives in their mouths," said the governess. "This King does!" was the reply. As most people are aware, the scheme of education for the King was very thorough and comprehensive. For some years nearly the whole of each day was devoted to study. The result of all this careful training is that Alfonso XIII. is perhaps singularly well informed on general subjects, and not only in the history and literature of his own country, but in that of other countries. He speaks equally well German, English, and French, and has shown himself a graceful and good impromptu speaker in his own language. He would not, in fact, be a Spaniard if he had not the gift of fluent and sonorous eloquence which seems to be the birthright of his nation. Military exercises have always had the strongest attraction for the young King. When still a child his delight was to play at soldiers with the children of the Guard, and this led later on to the "Boys' Regiment," as it was called, composed of lads of about his own age, children for the most part of the aristocracy, who were drilled and taught military evolutions along with him, and whom he eventually commanded, under the superintendence of his instructors. He is specially interested in, and has a good practical knowledge of, agriculture; has a liking for science, and has investigated the means by which other countries have progressed. Alfonso is pre-eminently what the Spaniards call "simpatico," a word for which we have no exact equivalent. Having a frank and genial disposition, sympathetic to others and attracting sympathy to himself, he is entirely devoid of affectation, while knowing how to sustain his own dignity when needful. He has, moreover, the strength of character and distinct knowledge of his own mind of which the records of his early years gave promise. He is extremely fond of motoring, and is said to be an accomplished chauffeur. When remonstrated with on not keeping up the traditional state of a Spanish King, he replied: "I mean to be a modern King, and go everywhere and do everything that other Kings do." He also expressed to some of his advisers who had spoken of the advisability of his making an early marriage his determination on this subject: "Of one thing you may be quite certain, I am not going to marry a photograph! I must see my future wife and choose her myself." A story, showing at once his good sportsmanship and happy address, was current on his visit to Portugal. A special pigeon-match was given in his honour, and the King of Portugal, who is known to be the best shot in Europe, had perhaps arranged that the birds should not be too difficult for his young guest. This did not at all suit the ideas of Don Alfonso, who, however, said nothing, but quietly turned his back on the traps, and when the signal was given whirled suddenly round and brought down his bird, to the delight of the spectators.

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER, the famous dramatist, who has written the pageant play which is to be produced at Sherborne.

Photo, C. H. Park.

BEATING THE BOUNDS: The bumping ceremony in Guildhall Yard.

Baden-Powell's Favourite Pastime.

One of the many interesting features in the issue of *Printer's Pie*, just published is a symposium on the "Pastimes of Popular People." Major-General R. S. Baden-Powell writes as follows:

Apart from playing the bassoon—which I look upon as giving, *par excellence*, the best exercise for the intelligence and temper as well as for the minor physical organs, both inside and out—the pastime which appeals to me more than any other is that of modelling in clay. It is a nice and messy pursuit, and yet very clean. It is fascinating, and at the same time restful. For a busy man it is accommodating, because he can take it up or leave it at any moment—in his room or office, or even, as I have done, in the train. It beats golf in the number of iron or wooden tools which can be used in it, but which are none the more necessary to success.

"Personally," adds the Major-General, "I like it because the results of my efforts far transcend and surpass those of anybody else—in their total absence of merit."

Beating the City Bounds.

This historic custom was carried out on Ascension Day by boys from the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, next the Guildhall, accompanied by the rector, Rev. J. Stephen Barrass, churchwardens, and the beadle carrying his staff. The little procession crossed the Guildhall yard, where the boundary stone was bumped by two of the boys lifting another and well bumping him on the stone. Passing through the Guildhall, various marks were beaten very heartily by the wards, and so on until all the parish stones were visited.

"Sick" Pearls.

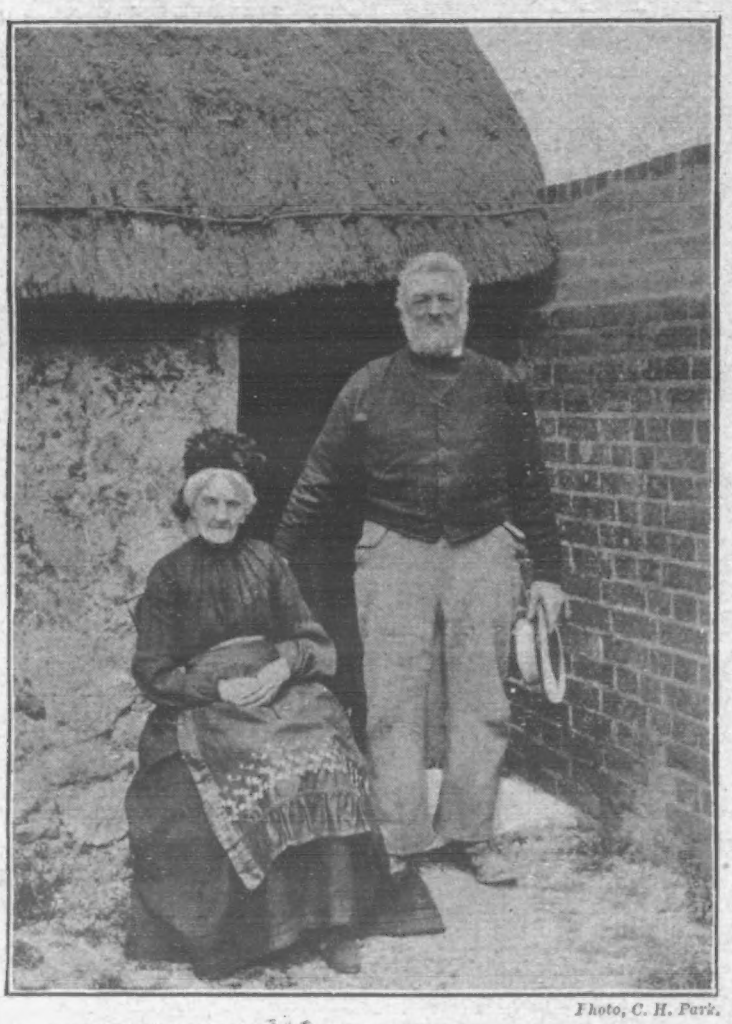
The late Empress of Austria had some wonderful pearls, but they lost their lustre—"grew sick," as the jewellers say—and only a long immersion in the sea would cure them, so now (says the *Tatler*) they are in a cage hanging in the depths of the Adriatic at a spot known to only two or three persons, and every year or two a great expert from London goes to examine them. When they were sunk it was said that thirty years might be required for their "cure."

Cod Fish with Medals.

A curious and interesting experiment is being carried out by the explorer Charles Rabot, of Paris, with the object of throwing light on the migrations of the cod fish. A certain number of cod, distinguished by means of medals attached to their bodies by a process of incrustation, have been put into the sea at different points on the northern Europe fishing ground selected by the International Fishery Conference. Fishermen of the various countries interested have received notice of what has been done, and a reward has been offered to the finders of the marked fish.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Pigmies who have just been brought over from Central Africa, and are now appearing at the London Hippodrome. This photo was taken aboard the s.s. "Orestes," by which ship they came to England.



Photo, C. H. Park.

A CHORISTER FOR 76 YEARS: Mr. George Arnold, aged 86, who has been in the church choir at Bosham, Sussex, ever since he was ten years old and is still a member. This is a record. By his side is his wife, who is just three years his junior.

The Summer Holidays.

We have received a copy of the handsome and interesting handbook, "Summer Holidays," which has just been issued in convenient pocket size by the Great Eastern Railway Co. Prominence has been given in this handy little volume to some of the less-known districts in East Anglia; and the facsimile water-colour and black-and-white illustrations have been made a special feature. We can thoroughly recommend the little volume to our readers. If you are in doubt as to where to go this year just write to the secretary of the company and get him to send it along to you. Apart from its usefulness, it is quite a work of art.

Picture Postcards.

A petition was presented by Mr. G. P. Wood praying for a divorce on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with Arthur Chamberlain, a tradesman in his neighbourhood. The allegations in the petition were denied both by the respondent and the co-respondent. The parties were married in 1892 at Islington, and afterwards lived at Brixton for a time. In April last year, when his motor broke down and he returned home unexpectedly, he found his wife and co-respondent locked in the sitting-room together. From that time he watched his wife, and discovered evidence of alleged guilt. Several picture postcards sent to her by Chamberlain were handed to respondent, but she said she could not understand or explain them. They were silly jokes. Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane: Do you think the one with two people behind an umbrella a proper thing to send to a married lady?—I don't see any objection. And the one with two people kissing in a motor-car?—No. No suggestion, and you are thirty-nine?—No, my lord. Two other postcards sent by Mr. Wood to Chamberlain's daughter were produced. The hearing was adjourned.

The Prefect's Dilemma.

The Prefect of the Seine can sometimes be cynically playful. The other day his gardener caught a parroquet, and on the owner being advertised for, the claimants were so numerous, and the descriptions of the bird all made such an approach to fact, that the Prefect was at his wit's end what to do. His way out of the dilemma, albeit a trifle cynical, shows the Prefect to be a bit of a Solomon in his way. He handed over the bird to one of the noisiest of the claimants, a lady, and advised all the others to bring an action against her.

A Chorister for Three Generations.

Mr. Arnold's connection with the church choir at Bosham, Sussex, is a record. He entered the choir as a boy of ten years and has just completed his seventy-sixth year of membership at the age of eighty-six. In spite of his advanced age, he is still a regular attendant at both morning and evening services each Sunday, and takes a prominent part in the singing. He has been a fisherman all his life, and still does odd jobs in connection with boats. He is still hale and hearty, reads without spectacles, eats well, gets about, and has hopes of building a boat. He and his wife make a picturesque couple in the cosy old thatched cottage that has served them as a home so long.

Photo, Ralph.

EARL LEICESTER, who is now lying very ill.

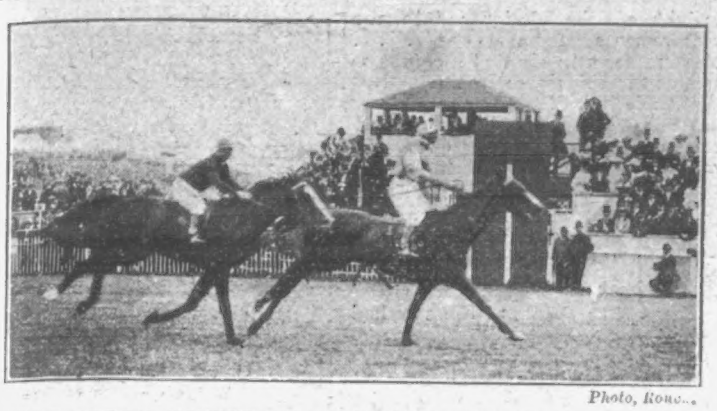
"An Awful Place."

There is in the town of Westport, county Mayo, a Roman Catholic church of recent date which has carved over the west door the following inscription:—

"This is the . . . . .
. . . . house of God."

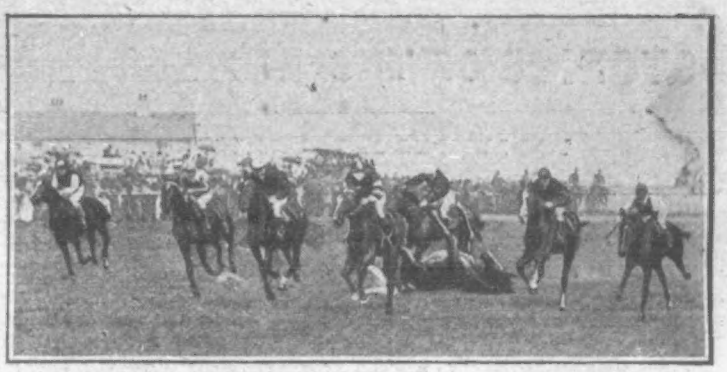
The reason of the long blank in the middle of the inscription (says a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) is that the authorities had chosen a verse from the Douai version of the Bible, which runs: "This is an awful place, the house of God." By the time the stonemasons had got to the end of the first clause the parish had noticed its satiric applicability to the architecture of the building and began to laugh. The distracted priest appealed to his Bishop, who intervened and thought it expedient to mutilate the text. But as the stones in place had already been cut, there was nothing for it but to leave the blank.

THE GREAT MATINEE AT THE COLISEUM LAST SATURDAY IN AID OF THE FRESH AIR FUND: Many celebrated actors and actresses took part, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh wrote a sketch specially for the occasion.



Photo, Rous...

THE DERBY FINISH: Cicero beats the French horse, Jardy, by three-quarters of a length.



A snapshot of the fatal accident at Epsom on Derby Day, when W. G. Evans was killed while riding Mr. Sam Loates's horse, "Braw Lass."

Royal Waterloo Hospital Fête.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany has graciously consented to attend a Garden Fête in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women, to be held on Saturday, June 17, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Phillips, at the Manor House, Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey.

Britain's Latest and Finest Battleship.

The new battleship *Dominion*, after coaling in the Mersey, sailed from Liverpool on Friday for her final speed trials before being taken over by the Admiralty. Built by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, & Maxim, at Barrow, the *Dominion* is the finest war vessel in the British Navy, and her only equal in the world is the flagship of the Japanese Navy, and, like the latter, the *Dominion* has her engines enclosed within an armoured citadel. Her displacement is 16,350 tons, and her engines of 18,000 h.p. are capable of driving her at a rate of 18·5 knots. Her armament consists of four 12-inch breechloading guns with an effective range of twelve miles, four 9·2-inch, ten 6-inch, and twenty-eight small quick-firing guns. Her first keel plate was laid in May, 1902, and her cost (including armament) is said to be nearly £1,400,000.

An Express Torpedo Destroyer.

Private shipbuilders will (according to a Glasgow message) shortly be asked to tender for an experimental torpedo-boat destroyer for the British Government. The boat will have a guaranteed speed of 36 knots, equal to over 40 miles an hour. She will have turbine machinery, and will be fitted for oil fuel. She will also have a greater radius of action than the existing destroyers.

Horrors of Orchid-Hunting.

A famous orchid-hunter has been telling his experiences in *Smith's Weekly*. He says: To be an orchid-hunter you must be possessed of a good physique, nerves of iron, and splendid health. Even then death may overtake you at any moment. I myself have penetrated into the everglades of Florida, the forests of Venezuela, the interior of Borneo, and the deadly swamps of Madagascar. Some of the finest and rarest orchids are to be found in Borneo. On one occasion I was commissioned by a famous orchid-grower to go out there and try and find a certain *cattleva*, only one specimen of which was known to exist in "captivity," if I can say so. In Borneo I fell into the hands of the Dyaks, the head-hunting tribe of the island, and it was only owing to the intrepid bravery of my native servant that I managed to escape. But I got the specimen orchid. One of the worst foes an orchid-hunter has to contend with is malaria. The finest orchids always grow in the most pestiferous places, and you can imagine that to penetrate into the heart of a swamp that you know to be a hot-bed of malaria is not the pleasantest of occupations, to say nothing of the fact that these same swamps are the habitations of the deadliest forms of snakes.

The Warsaw Explosion.

A vivid description of the bomb explosion at Warsaw is given by the *Standard* correspondent. It appears that General Maximovich, the Governor, was attending a service in the Cathedral. In another minute he would be out and driving down the Miodowa Street to the Castle. With their wits sharpened by this anticipation, the detectives in the street carefully scanned the loiterers. Their attention was attracted by a shoemaker on the other side of the road. His pockets were bulging with something — revolutionary literature, as was afterwards discovered—but it was not this that aroused their suspicions, but his nervous manner. He took a seat in front of a *café*, and placed a basket on the ground at his feet. Behind, in the deep shadow of the *café* — it was noon at the time —two men stood watching him.

The detectives crossed the road to where he sat, and as they advanced the men in the shadow slunk away. Then the officers laid each a hand on the man's shoulder, asking him what he had got in his basket. He volunteered to open it, and, as he did so, a bomb came to view. The policemen tried to seize it, and the man struggled to retain it, when suddenly it slipped from his fingers. As the bomb crashed on the pavement there was a blinding flash, a roar, and in an instant the three men were mangled masses of humanity. The *café* was wrecked, windows were smashed in every direction by the flying fragments of the bomb, panes being broken 500yds. away, whilst passers-by, to the number of fourteen, were more or less severely injured. A pool of blood alone indicated the exact spot where the conspirator had been killed by his own petard. Close beside it was a hole 3ft. in depth, made by the explosion. Patrols of Cossacks and Uhlans came galloping up, and the street was closed to traffic. The Governor returned to the Castle by another street.

Cavalry Mounts.

British military men hold conflicting views as to the best breeds of horses for army purposes. In France they are more easily satisfied. French cavalry experts desire nothing better than a good cross between blood and half-blood English and Arab. Such a cross, in their opinion, gives as much as it is reasonable to expect both in speed and in endurance. The Gers is a great breeding country for horses of this class, and the Government fosters the industry by exhibitions and premiums. The soil and the climate are believed to be the best in France for the purpose. The Gers is the home of the French light cavalry horse, and no breed is so highly esteemed as the Anglo-Arab.

Cruel to be Kind.

It is a drastic proposal that Sir Edward Fry makes to imprison or segregate for life the habitual criminal. But a moment's consideration shows that the ruthlessness of it is more formal than real. What happens at present to people with a hopeless moral twist—significantly docketed by Sir Edward in the same class with imbeciles? They spend the greater part of their lives in prisons just the same. Only they get out at intervals and commit a few more crimes, breed others like themselves, or corrupt by precept and example both in and out of prison. Whereas under the proposed plan they would be absolutely separated not only from the outside world, but from other criminals of less degree or of less hopeless propensities. Being in confinement for life under a system differing from the ordinary, they could be given special and easier treatment. The punitive idea would be totally eliminated, and attention would be focussed entirely on inducing them to lead as useful a life as possible within the prescribed limits. The apparently pitiless scheme is probably the kindest after all.

Love and the Letter-Book.

Plaintiff in the Lyons *v.* Weiner breach of promise suit (brought appropriately enough by a tailor) deposed that he made a rough draft and a fair copy of a love letter, like a business letter. Fancy a girl getting a *billet doux* from her *fiancé* beginning "Re our engagement," and ending "2 enclo., lock of hair, ring!"

SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.

Tobacco King's Death.

Mr. Washington Duke, who has died in North Carolina, rose from poverty to be founder of the American Tobacco Company. The total value of the "Duke" combine is nearly £40,000,000. His son, Mr. R. L. Duke, has related how the War of Secession left the father and his eight sons, like many hundreds of thousands of other Southern families, penniless. Then they decided to manufacture tobacco, though they had no money nor friends who could aid them. The humble factory owner sent out stock that was "peddled" in the districts around Durham, and gradually the business grew until at last the "Tobacco King" sent his son, James Buchanan Duke, to New York in 1884 to push his cigarettes there. The effort was so successful that the great firms of Allen and Ginter, Goodwin, and Kimball, after fierce competition, came under their control. A combination took place in 1889, and in 1890 Mr. Washington Duke saw a cigarette trust formed with a capital of £5,000,000, of which Mr. James Buchanan Duke became the head.

The Mercantile Club.

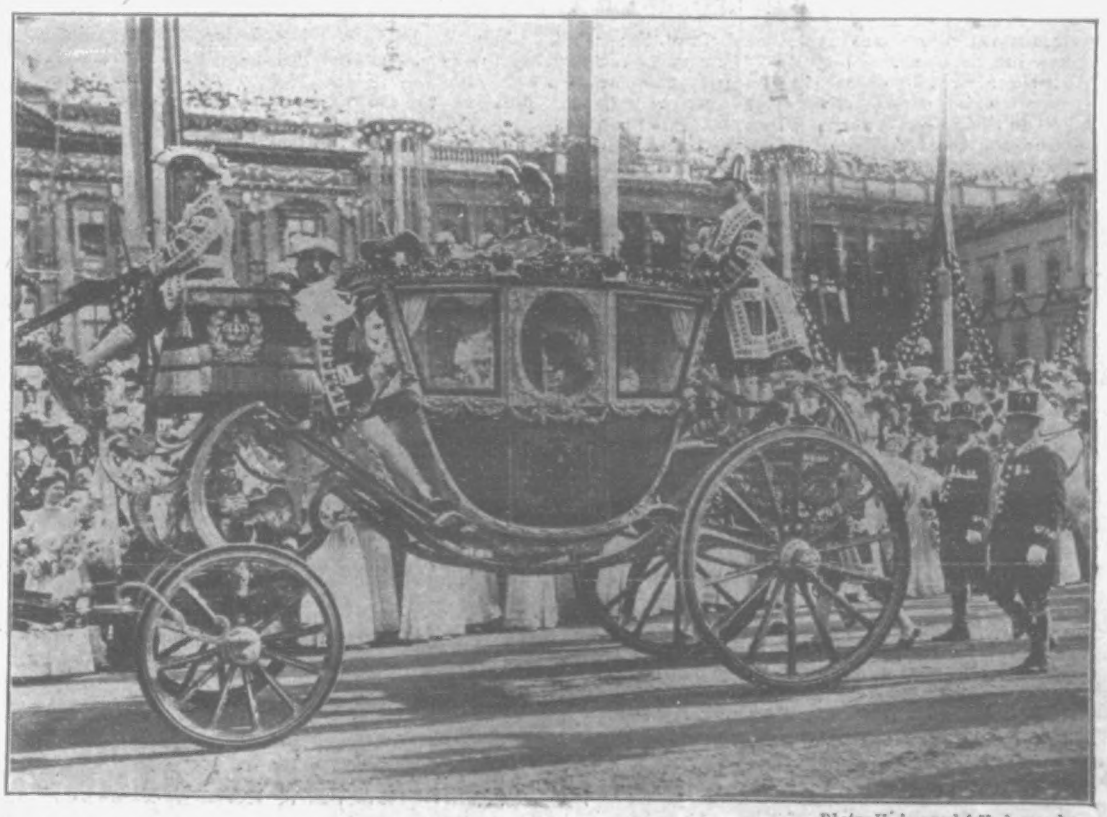
A club for the accommodation of London and provincial business men has been a long-felt want in London, and the scheme to comply with this want has recently been completed, and temporary club-house accommodation secured at the Inns of Court Hotel, High Holborn, London, W.C. In addition to the usual club rooms, the accommodation comprises private offices, which may be engaged by the hour or day, typewriters, shorthand writers, and the copying and despatching of members' correspondence, telephone, a safe deposit, bedrooms, bathrooms, and dressing-rooms. The charges are strictly club prices, special arrangements having been made with the hotel proprietors. It will, undoubtedly, come as a boon for commercial men to have a meeting-place in London where they can transact their business with the same facilities as in their own offices, combined with the social advantages and privileges of a first-class club. The Club has been started under the happiest auspices, and among the names on the list of the present committee are:—Sir George Hussey (Southampton, Chairman), Sir Alfred Hickman, Bart., M.P. (Wolverhampton), Sir William Pink (Portsmouth), Ebenezer Parkes, Esq., M.P. (Birmingham), Herbert B. Cory, Esq., J.P. (Cardiff), Henry Fisher, Esq., J.P. (London), Henry Payton, Esq., J.P. (Birmingham), Alderman Joseph Farncombe (Eastbourne), Roscoe Brunner, Esq. (Northwich), H. S. J. Booth (London), Jas. Debenham, Esq. (London), G. P. Firmin, Esq. (London), E. Sydney Luard, Esq. (London), W. McLaren, Esq. (London), J. F. Robinson, Esq. (London), J. T. Tanqueray, Esq. (London).

It is the intention of the committee to acquire suitable premises for a club-house in due course.

"A Terrible Name."

In connection with the difficulties of spelling and pronunciation which Admiral Rojdestvensky's name presents to most Englishmen, a correspondent of the *Times* recalls Southey's lines in "The March to Moscow," written one hundred years ago:

"And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name—
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell."



Photo, Underwood & Underwood.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN GERMANY: A photograph of the arrival in Berlin of the Duchess Cecilie in her gorgeous stage coach. She was married on Tuesday to the Crown Prince of Germany.

STORIES OF THE BIG BATTLE.

THE LESSONS OF TOGO'S VICTORY.

Full details are now available of Admiral Togo's great victory, which show it to have been the most marvellous sea battle in history. It sheds an important light upon the problems that have long been engaging the attention of all interested in naval matters, and from many points of view opens up a new era in the history of maritime warfare. There had not in the whole annals of modern naval history been any great action fought to a finish between two large fleets until this battle occurred. The last of any magnitude on record was the action between the Italian and the Austrian Navies at Lissa in 1866. At the Yalu the Japanese and Chinese Fleets were both small; in the Spanish-American War the same was the case; while at the Battle of Round Island on August 10 of last year Admiral Togo had strict orders not to risk his fleet, and was unable to close with his enemy.

Accounts of the great naval battle of the Sea of Japan by actual eye-witnesses are full of thrilling incidents.

With a hostile squadron on each side, and another ahead of him, Admiral Rojdestvensky was practically defeated within a few hours, says the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent.

There was no possible direction for him to turn, and he had fallen into the trap which had been awaiting him ever since he left Madagascar. Hesitation was displayed in the tactics of his fleet, and this proved the forerunner of utter confusion.

The Japanese knew instantly the enemy was beaten, and the concentration of fire now became absolutely infernal. Every gun was trained upon the Russians, caught in a *cul-de-sac*. Long lines of smoke like sea-clouds floated across the water, interspersed with the flashes of the artillery.

Then the Russian fleet broke into utter disorder. The vessels no longer preserved their formation, but went along on a zigzag course. Some pointed their stems to the east, others to the west, and at that moment it became evident that Admiral Rojdestvensky was completely defeated.

At eight p.m. the Japanese destroyers and torpedo-boats went forward. There was no turning back.

Like Locusts.

Like a great cloud of locusts the little craft dashed forward. The sea was swept by the pale tracks of innumerable searchlights. The work of the day was over; the work of the night had begun. The Japanese large warships, which had so well found the range of the enemy in the light of day, covered the attack. Beneath the shells from the great cannon the tiny vessels darted forth, to sting and sink the enemy.

The Russian fleet continued to respond to the fire, and a sea battle took place by night, the sweeping searchlights lighting up the decks of the ships, while the flashes of the guns bejewelled the blackness. There was not a moment of lull, and at two o'clock in the morning the fighting was fierce and intense.

Greatest since Trafalgar.

Nobody who did not witness the greatest naval fight since Trafalgar can imagine the scene.

A little after two o'clock in the morning the torpedo-boats were let loose to do their deadly work. There were scores on scores of them. Admiral Rojdestvensky never dreamed that Japan had such a flotilla.

Under the fire of the enemy, all of whose guns were trained upon them, the little craft dashed on. One moment a shot would strike the water, but not before the boat had darted on towards the sides of the heavy warships.

In the course of the afternoon the destroyer *Murasama* was ordered to attack Rojdestvensky's flagship, the *Knia: Suvaroff*. It dashed through the heavy seas to within a distance of 100 yards, and fired an 18-inch Whitehead torpedo, which smashed her steering gear. Seeing her disabled, several Japanese ships concentrated their fire on her. Rojdestvensky fought his ship with magnificent courage, but the shells swept her decks like a cyclone, her funnels were shot into tinsel, and her masts, with one exception, collapsed with a terrible noise.

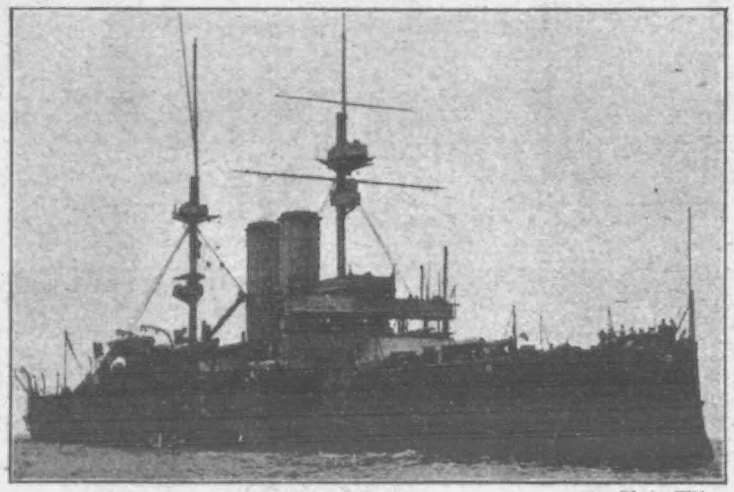
Then the *Murasama* discharged another torpedo at the doomed ship; it struck the engine compartment, and the great vessel heeled over. Seeing the hopelessness of further resistance, the Admiral and his staff were removed to the destroyer *Biedovy*, leaving a crowd of officers and men standing beneath the solitary mast, and within a few seconds they were scattered into fragments in the air like dry leaves before the wind. Almost simultaneously the flagship reared up as perpendicular as a pole embedded in the ground, and plunged to the bottom of the sea.

A terrible story concerning the *Orel* is in circulation. It is said that at the very opening of the fight 300 were killed and wounded on board the battleship, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded exercised so harmful an effect upon the rest of the men that an extreme course had to be determined upon.

The men who were wounded beyond all hope were, it is said, cast overboard to the number of 140.

Those who were slightly wounded were placed round the mast, being made fast with ropes, and thus they could not hinder the fighting of the ship.

Later reports indicate that the *Orel* fought with desperate bravery for a day previous to surrendering



Photo, Ellis.

Britain's finest battleship: The "Dominion," which has just been launched.

LESSONS OF THE BATTLE.

Faulty Russian Guns.

A technical point which must not be lost sight of is that the Japanese opened fire at 8,000 yards, whereas the Russians were only able to reply at 6,000 yards. The Russian fleet, in fact, was sunk and cut up piece-meal. —*Journal de Paris.*

Triumph of the Torpedo.

The evidence of Tsushima points to a triumph for the torpedo, which seems at length to have vindicated its position as an essential factor in offensive tactics.—*Express.*

"With Brains."

How did Admiral Togo do it? Fundamentally the answer is the same as a great master in another art gave when he was asked how he mixed his paints. "With brains," he replied. "With brains and with the training of every arm to the utmost point of efficiency"; that is how Admiral Togo won.—*Chronicle.*

The Superfluous Man.

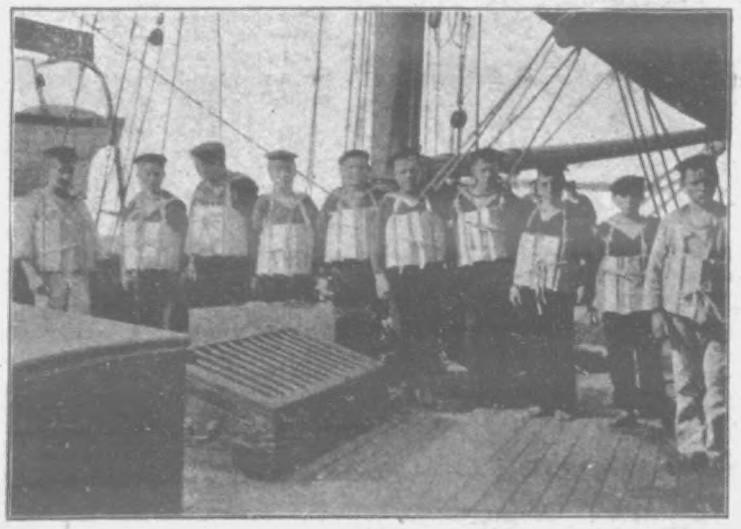
In any walk of life the trained man will assert his superiority as forcibly as, if less dramatically than, he did in the Tsushima Straits. While the struggle for the survival of the fittest becomes keener every day, it becomes more and more clear that the untrained man, whatever may be his calling, is a superfluity—both to his country and himself.—*Express.*

England's Share.

The public will note with great satisfaction the manner in which the Japanese battleships and cruisers have stood their terrible test. With few exceptions those ships have been built in England, from the designs of the brilliant engineer who is now Chief Constructor of our Navy. Their success testifies to the soundness of British workmanship and the correct insight of the designer into the requirements of naval war. . . . Yet another point is that the guns as well as the ships were British and of British design. Their trustworthiness has been demonstrated in the most conclusive manner, but it should be remembered that Japan took the wise precaution of maintaining a much stronger reserve of heavy weapons than the British Navy possesses.—*Daily Mail.*

Torpedoes and Battleships.

The earlier events of the war had pointed to the invulnerability of the large battleship; but now we see four of the best battleships afloat at the beginning of the year, and two of very fair quality, destroyed in a few hours. Such destruction can best be accounted for by supposing that mines and torpedoes were used on the largest scale. . . . Another fact which may have contributed to the Russian losses is that the Japanese used armour-piercing projectiles, which they did not employ in the earlier battles of the war, when they favoured rather common shell. But the tendency of the battle of the Japan Sea will be to encourage the construction of torpedo-craft, whereas the battle of August 10, 19 4, tended to discredit that type of vessel. The torpedo-boat alone, however, is powerless without the support of strong armoured cruisers and battleships, so that the position of the big ship is not seriously weakened. But the big ship needs the small, if the small ship needs the large, as cavalry is useless without artillery and infantry. . . The tactical value of speed was demonstrated at every turn. Superior speed enabled the Japanese to rake their enemy, and to concentrate on the heads of the Russian columns, while it rendered the escape of any of the powerful Russian units out of the question, and contributed to the crushing nature of the defeat.—*Outlook.*



Lifeboat Drill on the "Chichester" Training Ship.

THE EVE OF BATTLE ON LAND.

The long-delayed advance of the Japanese in Manchuria seems to have begun. For several days the rain was so heavy that all the roads were turned into morasses, and the movement of artillery was impossible. Now, however, the weather has cleared, the roads have dried, and Oyama will, no doubt, as soon as possible, take advantage of the moral

Capt. Tchagin, commander of the "Almaz," the only Russian vessel which reached Vladivostock.

effect of the "Battle of the Sea of Japan" on both armies.

The Russian army is in no fighting spirit. Revolutionary proclamations are being disturbed among the rank and file. The officers are amusing themselves after their usual manner in the gaieties of Harbin, and General Kuropatkin himself, now that he is relieved of the cares of being commander-in-chief, is taking pleasure trips in his magnificent train, accompanied by the beauty and fashion of Harbin. Everything is ripe for disaster. The recent repulse of the two cavalry raids to the south will not have encouraged the army in general.

The Japanese, as usual, are working, and not playing. They are extending the railway northwards from Sinminting, using rails abandoned by the Russians in the great retreat. The traffic is worked by horses, owing to the lack of locomotives.

The "Arethusa" and "Chichester" Training Ships.

Under the title "A Year's Record," the Society known as the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children (Incorporated 1904), whose president is the Earl of Jersey, has just issued its sixty-second annual report. The book, which is capitally illustrated with interesting photographs descriptive of the work, shows that since the commencement of its operations in 1843, the Society has received 17,385 poor boys and girls, all of whom have been thoroughly trained for the battle of life. At the commencement of the present year there were 972 children under the Society's care. This number includes 237 sailor boys belonging to the Society's popular training ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester*. These vessels, which are stationed at Greenhithe, Kent, are exclusively for poor boys of good character. The *Chichester*, which is a sea-going brigantine, makes weekly cruises from May to the end of September, and gives the young Jack Tars a taste of the briny before they enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Service. As many as ninety per cent. of these lads go to sea. This result is highly satisfactory. The Society's Homes on shore are situated in Shaftesbury Avenue, Twickenham, Bisley, Sudbury, and Ealing. No votes or elections are necessary to secure the admission of any child. The work is supported by voluntary contributions, and any of our readers desiring a copy of the illustrated report should write to the Secretaries at the London Headquarters, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue

Photo, Cozeno.

JOLLY JAP TARS: A typical group of Jap sailors, taken aboard the Japanese battleship, "Adahi."

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Naval Volunteers from H.M.S. "Buzzard" on their way to embark in the "Barfleur" for a three-months' training at sea. The "Barfleur" formed part of King Alfonso's escort.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Next Thursday we shall be assisting at the opening of the second test match—or at least as many of us as can manage to get to Lord's. I do not know what changes will be made in the English side, but it is almost certain that C. B. Fry and Hirst will get places. A fast bowler, too, is practically a necessity, even in the face of the individuality of Bosanquet, who backed up the efforts of MacLaren and Jackson so magnificently as to win the first test by 213 runs. One or two

Photo, Sherborn.

H. Jones, the jockey who rode "Cherry Lass" to the winning post in the Oaks last week.

writers have declared that Bosanquet alone did it. That is absurd nonsense, and shows that the journals they represent have an axe to grind. Trumper might, and probably would, have saved the situation for the Australians but for his unfortunate accident, and this, I hear, may keep him out of the field until next Thursday. We all sincerely hope that he may play right through this time.

Middlesex were rather badly beaten in their match with Yorkshire last Saturday. The representatives of "the county of broad acres" gained a commanding lead on the first innings, and from that the metropolitans never recovered. So good a judge as John Tunnicliffe expressed the opinion that the side which batted first would have the worst of the argument, and events proved the soundness of the lengthy Yorkshireman's judgment.

However, the match was brimful of incident, and, despite the comparatively poor show made by the metropolitan county, they made up for it by a plucky attempt to retrieve the position at the second attempt. Set with 130 runs to get in order to avert a single innings defeat, they faced their heavy task with an amount of grit deserving of a better fate.

In the first innings of Yorkshire Denton easily carried off the batting honours with a finely-hit, though somewhat lucky, innings of 102. He was twice missed from difficult chances, but his driving on the off-side was as near perfection as possible He was lucky, too, on Monday, when he was four times let off in an innings of 52.

On the Middlesex side Warner batted steadily in the second innings for 50, and was very doubtfully out "leg before wicket," but the honours of the match, so far as Middlesex are concerned, belong to J. H. Hunt, who, in addition to scoring 81 in his two attempts, took six wickets for 71 runs in the two ventures of Yorkshire. The Yorkshiremen won the match by seven wickets, after giving yet another proof of what a really fine all-round side they are.

Judging by the manner in which the Australians beat them, Cambridge University do not appear to be over strong this season. They made a moderate show at Fenners and were beaten by the Cornstalks by 169 runs, and that notwithstanding the fact that Trumper, Kelly, and Laver were not assisting. However, 'Varsity teams are notoriously uneven in their displays, and it is early yet to speculate on the chance of either Oxford or Cambridge in the great contest which begins at Lords on July 6.

C. B. Fry was able to assist Sussex in their match with Derbyshire, but, though he played a brilliant innings of 86 in the second innings of his county, Derbyshire saved the match. L. G. Wright played finely for 149 in the first innings, and followed it with 51 in the second. E. M. Ashcroft shared the honours with him, as he made a fine 73 at the first attempt, and followed it with the same number the second time he batted, being not out when the stumps were finally pulled up.

To the list of double centurians has to be added the name of Captain Greig, who gained the distinction in the match between Worcestershire and Hampshire, which had to be abandoned as a draw. The gallant Captain has been absent for three years from first-class cricket, but his efforts of 115 and 130 conclusively prove that he is still as good as ever. E. M. Sprot also scored a century in Hampshire's first innings, and G. N. Foster did the same for Worcester.

Near and dear rivals are Gloucestershire and Somerset. The teams met at Bath on the last three days of last week, and Somerset won a most remarkable match. Thanks to a very even display of batting, in which R. T. Godsell shone in an innings of 90, Gloucestershire led on the first innings by 194 runs. In the second innings Lewis bowled very finely and captured six wickets for 42 runs, the whole side being out for 78. Len Braund backed it with a grand innings of 130. Sammy Woods and Captain Poyntz also played well, and eventually Somerset won a remarkable match by 68 runs.

J. F. Byrne played the highest innings of his career, as a county cricketer, for Warwickshire against Lancashire at Birmingham by putting together the fine score of 222. Kinneir also made a century; but there is such a thing as spoiling your chance by making too many runs, and having no time in which to dispose of your opponents. This is precisely what happened to the Midland county. They scored 578, and "declared" with eight wickets down on the Friday. Lancashire, for whom Hallows played a fine not out innings of 85, responded with 347. From then it was hopeless to attempt to finish the game and it was consequently drawn.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The forty-second meeting of the Civil Service Athletic Club was held at Stamford Bridge last Saturday, in delightful weather, and before the usual large crowd. One looks for

Mr. Bosanquet, the famous cricketer who played in the Test Match.

good sport at the annual gathering of the Civil Servants, and they have not so far been disappointed. Last Saturday the entries were large and class well represented.

The most interesting race on the programme was a quarter of a mile invitation race. Amongst those who competed were E. H. Montague and L. G. de B. Reed. Both have done well in handicaps this season, the last-named especially so, but it was generally thought that the South London Harrier would be better served by the distance, and so it proved, for Montague beat the L.A.C. man by 1½yds. in 51⅕sec.

The 100yds. members' race is always an interesting feature of the gathering, amongst those who have won in the past being E. H. Pelling, who won the sprint championship in 1889, and the race partakes somewhat of the nature of the championship of the Civil Service, though the bestowing of the title on the winner would obviously be a misnomer, as the best man running in it on Saturday last, T. E. F. Turner, was penalised 3yds. for a previous win, and only beaten by 1ft. by H. W. Munroe.

The 100yds. Strangers' Handicap was secured by G. F. Crump, of the Blackheath Harriers, who, with 9yds. start, beat E. H. Clube, of the L.A.C., by 1yd.—the latter's start being 2½yds. F. J. C. Shepperd, of the Ranelagh Harriers, was third. The Strathcona Challenge Cup, distance one mile, went to R. E. Brinsley Richards, in 4min. 44⅕sec. F. S. Thomson, with a penalty of 25yds., was a very good second, and H. Reeves third.

The quarter of a mile Strangers' Handicap was secured by C. F. Cumberlege, of the L.A.C. His start was 16yds., and with he did 50⅘sec. H. W. Kirk, of the Malden Harriers, won the hurdles, but the time was slow, and W. E. B. Henderson accounted for the high jump, with the poor leap of 5ft. 3½in. The open mile was won by J. F. Fitzgerald with 10 yds. start, and his time was 4min. 20⅕sec.

The Scottish Cycling Championships were decided at Celtic Park. D. Flynn won the quarter-mile and mile championships, the winner hailing from the Pollokshaws Club. He was also second to James Haig, of Hawick, in the twenty-five miles, the border man beating him by barely a wheel. The half-mile cycle handicap was won by J. Adam, of Kilsyth.

The Horsham meeting is always interesting, and their gathering last Saturday was no exception. A. Graves, of the Finchley Harriers, won the open mile, the 100yds. was secured by W. Walter, of the Wolverton A.C., and the quarter went to R. C. Allen, of the Thames Valley Harriers.

The Inter-Polytechnic Championships were decided at the Paddington Recreation Grounds, and attracted a large attendance. L. F. Tremeer, the L.A.C. crack, was competing on behalf of Regent Street, and easily accounted for the sprint and the hurdles. The Great Western Railway A. C. had a meeting at Castle Bar Park, Ealing, the chief event being the one-mile inter-railway and club championship, and this was secured by E. Franklin, of the Railway Clearing House. A. P. Bolland, by finishing second, secured the club championship.

BILLIARDS.

So Stevenson won his great billiard match with Roberts after all, and the margin was a pretty wide one, too, though his bet that he would beat the veteran by more than the 2,000 points start that he obtained was lost, for the actual number that Roberts was beaten by was 1,520. It was not too "kind" a match, for the players were continually quibbling, and the disputes led to the onlookers taking sides and causing unseemly scenes such as are fortunately seldom witnessed. I could not be present on the last night, though I had hoped to see the finish, as I had seen the first stage, but I am told that Roberts (who was "called" after Stevenson had received his cheque for £500) apologised for his having played badly. However that may be, I hold the opinion that, under level conditions, in every respect, Stevenson is the better billiardist. His presence may not be as courtly, but his play, in my opinion, is superior—always, as aforesaid, that the conditions are equal.

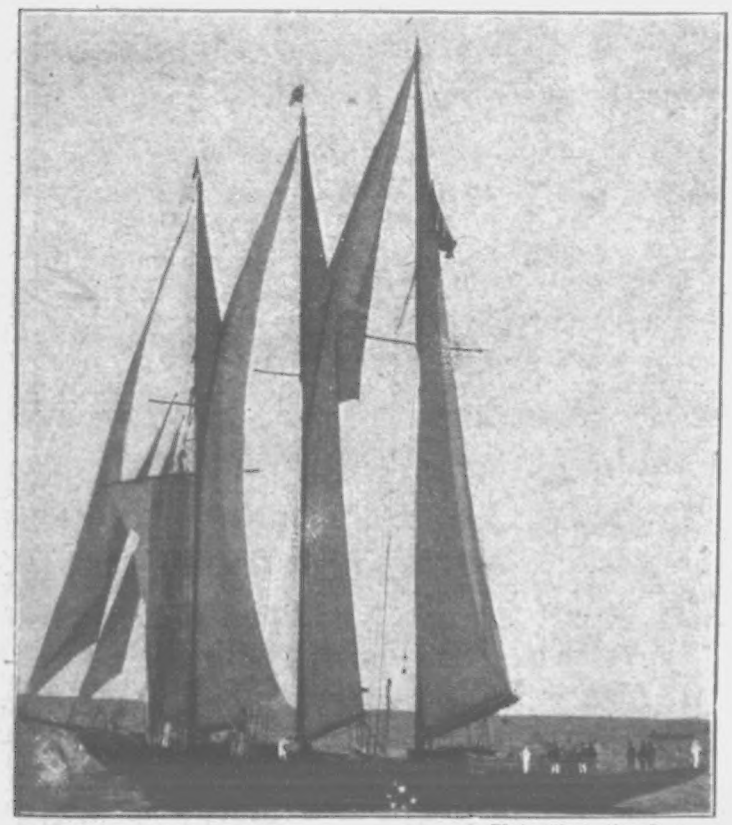
Photo, Foster.

Mr. A. MacLaren, the famous cricketer, at the wicket.

ROWING.

We are within measurable distance of Henley, and, according to rumour, the great regatta is to be well patronised this year, though foreign competition is not much to be feared. 'Varsity entries are almost certain to be both numerous and good in quality, judging by the form seen in the recent racing at both Oxford and Cambridge. The Dark Blues had fine weather for their eights, Magdalen, by May, finishing head of the river; but Cambridge started their "May week" under most unpleasant conditions.

In a recent issue we mentioned Kentish Princess, the Great Dane, which was shown at the People's Palace, as the tallest in existence. We have since received a communication from Mr. H. Schmidt, of 469, Hackney Road, London, to the effect that he himself is the owner of the largest and tallest Great Dane living, namely Lord Topper, which has won 150 prizes.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Yacht "Atlantic," which made a record passage recently across the Atlantic, doing the journey in twelve days, and thereby winning the International Race.

Photo, Sherborn.

D. Maher, who won the Derby on Lord Rosebery's "Cicero."

Sherborne Pageant.

There will be given on June 12 to 15 inclusive, in the ruins of Sherborne Castle and historic neighbourhood about the place, an historical pageant in commemoration of the twelfth century of the existence of the ancient village in Dorsetshire. The arrangement and setting of the play are under the direction of Louis N. Parker, the well-known dramatist, and his wife will represent Sherborne, Massachusetts, U.S.A., or the Daughter of Sherborne, England. The festival is to follow the lines of the ancient drama, and will be an open-air performance. Many of the historic ruins are still standing in Sherborne. The principal scenes will be enacted through the arch and in the ruins of the old Castle in which Sir Walter Raleigh lived with his wife until his time came to change his palace for the Tower. Robin Hood and Maid Marion, with merry chorus of hunters in Lincoln green, will be introduced as visitors to Sherborne. There will be processions, dances, quaint songs, old world costumes and armour. The dialogue will be a feature of the play. Mr. Parker sends the story of the pageant and its purpose.

This pageant will be given in celebration of the twelve-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the town of

Photo, Scame.

THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT: Mrs. L. N. Parker, who will take part in the play.

Sherborne, the Bishopric of Sherborne, and Sherborne School, by St. Ealdhelm, A.D. 705.

In speaking of the pageant, Mr. Parker says: "In the compilation of the folk-play dealing with a few events in the history of one of the most interesting—and, let me add, one of the least known—of English towns, I have allowed myself very little play of imagination. My authorities are Mr. Wildman's 'History of Sherborne' and the same author's 'Life of Saint Ealdhelm,' of which he kindly permitted me to read the MS. The connecting Narrative Choruses, the song 'Fons Limpidus,' and the final Song of Triumph are by Mr. James Rhoades; and the Seventh Episode is by Mr. Walter Raymond. To these gentlemen I herewith offer my cordial thanks for their invaluable help."

The play is divided into eleven episodes, and it closes with a Maypole Dance and a Final Picture.

The play as it advances, episode by episode, tells in a most enchanting manner the entire history of this historic town of Sherborne, about which even those living right on its borders know comparatively little.

In the Second Episode there will be an exciting strife between the Danes and the people of Sherborne, in which the former are worsted. Mr. Parker's description of this episode is: The monks gather their gowns between their legs and rush about in great excitement. Horns are blown. A bell clangs wildly, and presently a mob of townsfolk—men, women, and children—rushes in in confusion. The men are armed with any weapons that come to their hand—bows and arrows, cross-bows, scythes, sickles, flails, sledge hammers, slings and stones, &c. Ealhstan forms them up in rough battle array facing eastward. The women are at the back of the men holding their arrows and the bolts for the cross-bows. The children gather stones for the slingers. Now from the Chapel Entrance a wild band of Danes rushes in with fierce war-cries. Ealhstan does not wait to be attacked. Having caused his archers and cross-bowmen to pour a shower of missiles into the ranks of the Danes, which is seen to do considerable damage, he leads a bold charge against them with the cry "For God and Home." There is a terrific hand-to-hand encounter, and the Danes are driven back through the Chapel Exit, leaving their dead and wounded on the ground. Some of the Sherbornians remove the dead behind the ruins while the rest lift Ealhstan on their shoulders, and with shouts of triumph bear him into the quadrangle, and so out at the back of the ruins.

The Third Episode opens with the chanting of priests, the Dies Iræ being intoned as a funeral procession enters through the Gatehouse, and the Chorus chants:

Who hither comes with mournful chanting priests?
Borne on his death-bed, Ethelbald, the King!

On and on swings the drama through many exciting periods. In the Tenth Episode the Sherborne School is established with much acclaim. At this period the boys throw their caps in the air and send up a great shout, "Vivat Rex Edvardus Sextus!" The trumpeters blow a flourish. Then the upper end of the group of boys wheels down across the quadrangle, and so forms a line right from one side of the ruins to the other. The Knight bearing the banner hands it to the Head of the

Photo, Clarke & Hyde.

THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT: A striking tableau in the play which shows Roger of Caen laying the foundation-stone of the Church at Sherborne. The pageant takes place in the open-air amid the historic ruins for which the place is noted, and covers every period of English history from the earliest times.

THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT: The arch through which the procession will march singing.

School, who stands forward with the Headmaster on one side and the Second Master on the other, and the School breaks into the following song:

FONS LIMPIDUS.

O shrine of the silver waterspring, name renowned
When Saxon and Dane strove mightily which should win:
Once Queen of the west and once by a king re-crowned,
Almost with the birth of England didst thou begin!
How reckon the tale of summers that o'er thee rolled
Ere Roger the mighty upreared thy Norman hold?
O Sherborne, won from the wilderness, who knows when?
For the days that are past we bless thee, Mother of men!

What though thy cloisters have echoed to saints and kings,
And Ealdhelm loved thee, and Alfred about thee played!
From heroes perished a seed as of heroes springs;
Thy crown is a crown of youth, and it doth not fade.
And musing on many, thy later-born, through thee
From fetters of self or of craven fear set free,
Made holy of heart, and famous with sword or pen,
For the days that are now we bless thee, Mother of men!

Nor lacketh there yet, to comfort us, saint and king;
The soul of our Alfred standeth at God's right hand;
Yet haply as sweet shall the name of Edward ring,
Who trims thee, a lamp for ever to light the land.
For us, we are born, we perish, our days are few!
Thy days are many; to-day thou art born anew—
Immortal amidst our three-score years and ten.
For the ages to be we bless thee, Mother of men!

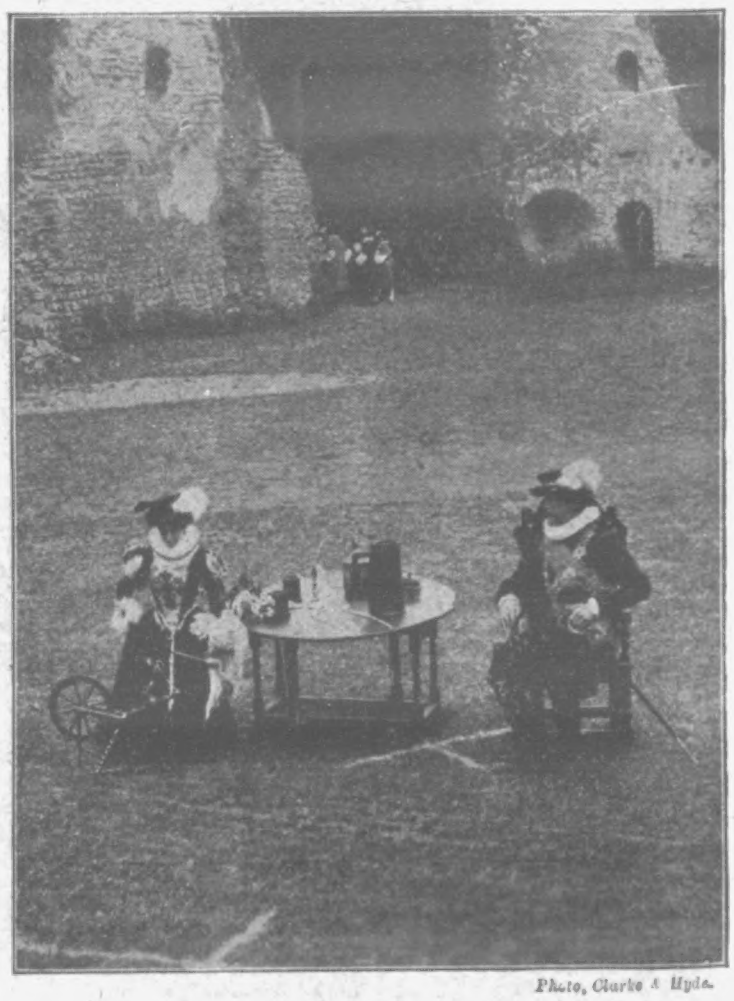
This leads up to the Eleventh Episode, in which Sir Walter Raleigh and his wife, Elizabeth Throckmorton, figure quite humorously.

The drama ends with a Maypole Dance, and while this is in progress the Final Picture is being constructed within the quadrangle. It is now seen that a stately female figure, symbolical of Sherborne, has been raised on a Gothic pedestal in the centre of the Quadrangle, from which steps descend to the floor of the arena. Her long loose hair is surmounted with a castellated crown. In her right hand she bears a model of the Abbey. Her left hand reposes on a shield, bearing the arms of the School. On her right stands her daughter, the American Sherborne, bearing in her right hand a model of a caravel, and resting her left hand on the arms of the State of Massachusetts. On her head is a diadem of stars. While the bands play a solemn march all the principal figures who have appeared in the pageant collect round the pedestal, some on foot and others on horseback: those on horseback on each side move towards the rear. Behind them again are the townsfolk in the various costumes they have worn during the performance. Now from the left enters the Sherborne Brigade of Riflemen, with band and colours; then from the right the School Cadet Corps with drum and fife. Suddenly from the back of the ruins the School itself marches through the crowd, singing the "Carmen." A deputation from the Men of Dorset in London advances, and is followed by other deputations from towns and villages in the ancient See of Sherborne.

The singing of the Hundredth Psalm and the National Anthem bring the entertainment to a close.

Photo, Clarke and Hyde.

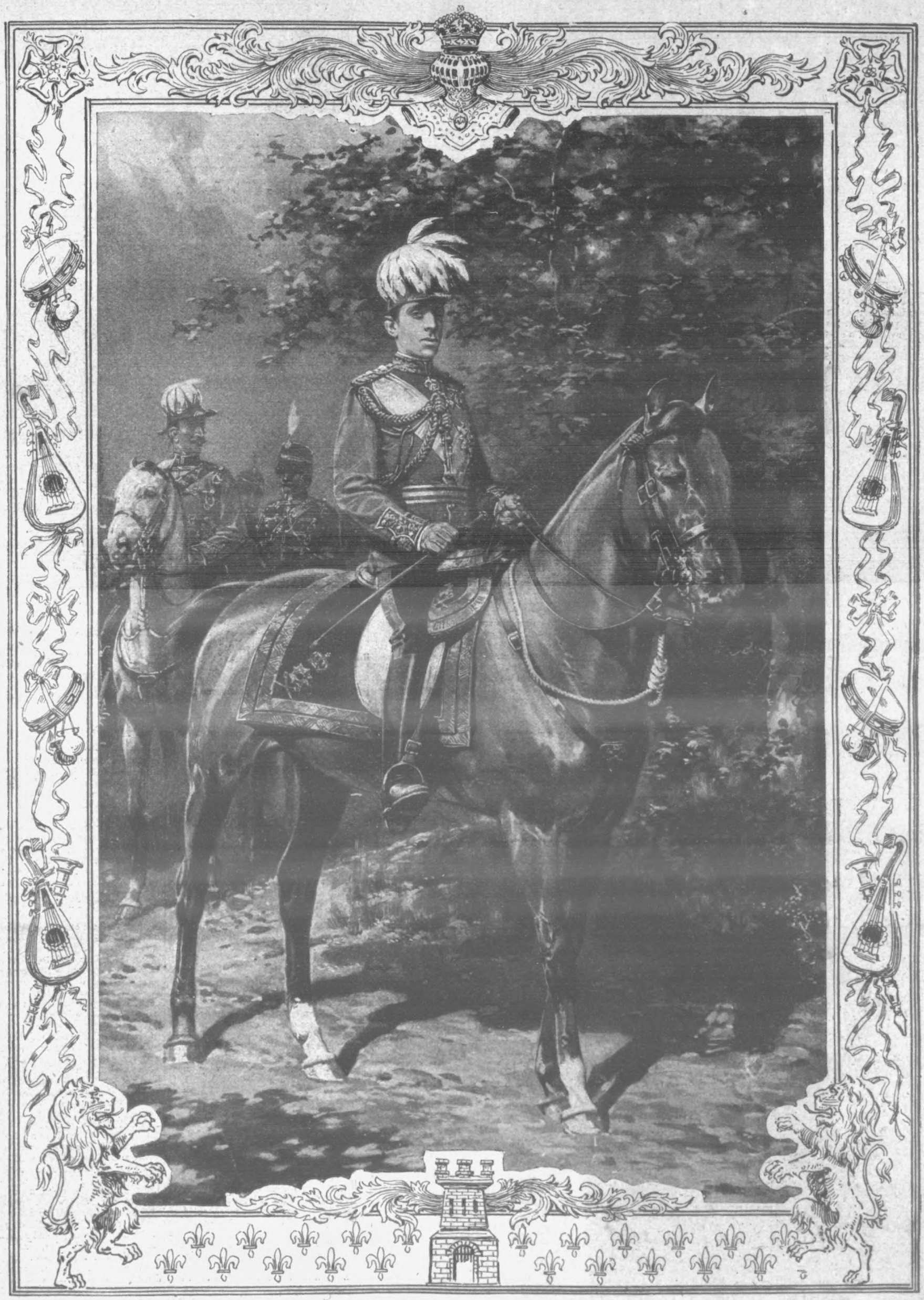
THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT: A striking tableau showing the death of Ethelbald.



Photo, Clarke & Hyde.

THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT: Sir Walter Raleigh sitting with his wife at Sherborne.

OUR ROYAL VISITOR: THE KING OF SPAIN AS A BRITISH GENERAL.



ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN.

The young King of Spain is the only European Sovereign who was born a monarch. His father, Alfonso XII., died on November 25, 1885: the present King was born at Madrid, May 17, 1886. His full name is Alfonso-Leon-Ferdinand-Marie-Jacques-Isidore-Pascal-Antoine, and his titles include King of Spain, of Castille, of Leon, Aragon, the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Navarre, Granada, Toledo, Valentia, Galicia, Majorca, Minorca, Cordova, Murcia, and many other styles.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Proper Way to Drink.

Every child should be taught that thirst quenching does not depend so greatly on the quantity of fluid that is swallowed as on the length of time during which liquid is kept in contact with the tissues of the mouth and throat. A small quantity of water used as a mouth and throat rinse will relieve more than a pint swallowed hastily. In hot weather, when the skin is secreting profusely, there is no real demand on the part of the tissues for liquid.

Salted and smoked meats occasion a merely local dryness, and the attempted removal of this by drinking may be injurious. I have known highly salted soup produce such intense thirst that the consumer swallowed glass after glass of water, until many pints had been taken, with little satisfaction other than that which might have been experienced in the vomiting that terminated the festivities.

The blood quantity is never increased for any length of time by drinking. Fulness of vessels is corrected by the secreting activity of the kidneys. Were it not so people would more easily kill themselves by over-consumption of liquid. But kidney excretion is not confined to water only; salts are contained therein, and these being of value to the system, the latter is impoverished. Hence, when the demand is only local, and not really one of the system, over drinking will weaken the body. It is a good plan to forbid children drinking during dinner. At its conclusion, a glass of water, or weak lemonade, will be rather beneficial than otherwise.

Drinking freely of any cold liquid when the body is over-heated is highly dangerous. It may be interesting to give our attention to a few proven facts, since the danger of such drinking is often disputed by ignorant persons. The first effect of any cold substance on entering the body is the absorption of heat. This may result in such a severe local chill as to establish a chronic catarrh. The presence in an over-heated stomach of a quantity of cold fluid is apt to occasion cramp of this organ, and may even cause cramp of the heart. The body so over-heated has its own proper physiological means for cooling; one is the dilatation of the surface capillaries. The introduction of cold fluid in quantity may so upset this process that many of the capillaries remain permanently dilated. Hence we can often trace various skin ailments to such indulgence.

French Mock Turtle Soup.

Put a cod's head in cold water, boil for five minutes; take out and allow to cool, and take off the gelatinous part of the meat. Put the bones back into the saucepan with two quarts of fish stock or water, and let boil till all the skin and gelatine left on them is dissolved. Strain the stock and take off the fat, add the pieces of gelatine and meat, thicken with one ounce and a half of flour, and, lastly, add a gill of sherry and flavour to taste. Serve with egg balls made thus: Mix together the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and one raw yolk, a teaspoonful each of flour and minced parsley, a little pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Roll into tiny balls, drop into fast-boiling water, and cook for a few minutes, then add to the soup.

Tiny Zest-giver.

Those who require a tiny zest given for breakfast should try the effect of pounded cucumber and any kind of cold fish thoroughly moistened with lemon-juice. Those who like a pleasant sauce should try vinegar in which beetroot has been steeped, to which lemon-juice and a teaspoonful of mustard have been added.

Pleasant Meal Times.

Many people must have been struck by the utter absence of interesting conversation that is so marked a feature of modern meals. In the olden days all the wit and brightness of the day seemed to be focussed into the breakfast and dinner hours, and nearly all the celebrated stories of brilliant repartee that have come down to us were delivered during a meal. But nowadays people talk over their worries and bothers at the table, look out trains, and read papers during breakfast, and, if they have got anything disagreeable to say to another member of the family, very often choose a meal-time in which to say it.

Somebody once suggested that children should be trained to be bright and cheerful during meals, just as much as they are trained to eat properly, for the one habit, like the other, would cling to them when they grow up and make them much-sought-after companions.

Worry is very bad for the digestion, and so is another fashion of seeing how fast you can get through your breakfast or lunch; certainly both things react upon one's neighbours' enjoyment of the hours that should bring relaxation and good humour.

Curry Toast.

The remains of a fowl should be used for this dish. Remove all the meat that may be left and chop it finely, add to this a little gravy and cream. Flour the mixture, then season lightly with pepper, salt, and curry-powder; warm thoroughly and serve on rounds of fried bread, with a very fine dusting of grated lemon rind scattered over. Curry toast must always be served very hot.

Tomato Pie.

Slice a good-sized onion thinly and fry in butter till lightly browned. Take one pound of ripe tomatoes, skin, and cut in slices. Place a layer of the onion in the bottom of a pie-dish with a good seasoning of salt and pepper, then a layer of tomatoes, with white bread-crumbs scattered over a few pieces of butter. Next put a layer of tomato, onion, etc., and so on till the dish is almost full. Have ready some boiled potatoes, mash them with a little butter, salt, and pepper, and spread over the tomato to form a crust. Score with a fork and bake until a light brown. A little brown butter sauce or good gravy may be added to the tomatoes before the potato crust is put on. This pie makes a very useful *entree*, so should be baked in a fancy china dish if possible.

Some Sick-Room Hints.

Let the room be well ventilated, and occasionally open the windows, if possible; for though deodorizers are useful, they don't take the place of fresh air.

A few flowers look bright and pleasant, but avoid those with strong scent, and do not keep them in the room at night.

See that you move quietly and speak quietly, but avoid appearance of effort in either matter. Neither creep about on tiptoe nor talk in a whisper. Walk naturally, but take care that your shoes don't creak and your gown does not rustle, and keep your voice at a pleasant low pitch. If you have any private communication to make to anyone, make it in some other room, well out of earshot of the patient.

Try to put the patient's bed or sofa in such a position that from it a view may be had of the outside world.

Never ask the patient what she would like to eat or drink. Let the meals always be nicely cooked and their exact nature unknown till they appear. Little surprises in the way of food do much to tempt the appetite.

If the patient enjoys being read to, select bright and pleasant books, but keep clear of those likely to cause excitement.

Get ready for the night in good time, so that the patient may be able to settle down to sleep as early as possible.

When the patient has to be kept very quiet, avoid the use of tongs and shovel, and make up the fire with the fingers, first putting on a leather glove to protect them from dirt and heat. In case of severe illness it is sometimes a good plan to have each piece of coal wrapped in a bit of paper before it is put into the scuttle used in the sick-room, for thus all noise may be avoided in making up the fire.

Grass Stains on Clothes.

Sponge the stains with alcohol. Materials which will bear soap and water may be washed in the ordinary way, provided the grass stains have first been wetted with spirit.

A Swedish Bride-groom.

A Swedish bridegroom always gives his bride-elect a prayer-book, and she presents him with a shirt. The shirt is, as a matter of course, worn on the wedding day, but after that never again in life. It is laid aside to serve as his shroud, and there are to be found Swedes who not only believe in the resurrection of the body, but in the resurrection of the betrothal shirts of those husbands who have faithfully kept their marriage vows. The widower who marries again must destroy, on the eve of his second marriage, the bridal shirt which his late wife gave to him.

Photo, Weston.

A SOCIETY WEDDING: Miss A. Carson, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Carson, K.C., who was married on June 5 to Gerald Chesterman, Esq., of Sheffield.

Photo, Alice Hughes.

A charming picture of the beautiful Miss Margaret Irby, daughter of the late Colonel Howard Irby, whose engagement to Sir Morgan Crofton, Bart., 2nd Life Guards, has just been announced. The wedding is to take place in the autumn.

Cheese Sandwiches.

Put a quarter of a pound of good cheese into a mortar with one ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of made mustard, and two anchovies, or a little essence of anchovy. Pound all to a smooth paste, spread it on bread-and-butter, and cut very thin slices of salt beef, ham, or tongue. Cut the sandwiches into neat shapes and arrange them on a napkin with a garnish of parsley.

Is it Right for a Girl to Break Off her Engagement?

"Must I marry him?" is the cry of the heart of many a girl who has promised herself to a man, only to find, when the glamour and excitement of courtship are over, that she has no warmer feeling for him than friendship.

That friendship is strained, perhaps almost to breaking point, but yet the girl's sense of honour makes her fear to break her troth, and mingled with this fear is also the dread of what the world may say.

In nine cases out of ten of this sort, probably, the unfortunate damsel either drifts into a loveless marriage, or breaks her engagement at the last moment, and thus does far more harm to the man she has deceived and to her own reputation, than if she had told him of her want of love for him as soon as she realised it.

There are two sides to every question, but where self is involved it is hard to see more than one. Thus the unhappily engaged girl sees joyless years before her as the wife of a man she does not love, but she flatters herself that he will never know the state of her feelings, and that she can, at least, make him happy. That is nothing more or less than a mischievous and cruel delusion, and the only right course for her to take is to save the man a life of utter misery, by inflicting on him the comparatively small pain of breaking off the engagement. Fetters that are not those of love are indeed hard to bear, and much married misery would be saved if unhappily engaged girls would be braver and more honest with their lovers.

Of course broken-off love-affairs are not always the girl's fault. A man sometimes proposes under the influence of a fascination, which he mistakes for love, till the engagement-ring has been given, and he has had time to discover that its wearer has none of the characteristics of his ideal woman.

The best redress that he can make for the wrong done is to break off his engagement, for the slight put on a jilted maiden is far preferable to the misery of an unloved wife.

Women Architects.

"Builders ought to have a woman to help them when they have dwelling houses to erect!" said a lady who formed one of a party assembled in a large house. The company, which included a builder, looked startled for a moment at the suggestion; but it was ultimately agreed that the idea was one that might be adopted with good results.

How many men understand what is really required in the way of convenience in a dwelling house? Fancy a man having to design the dimensions and general plan of the kitchen! Could not a woman do it ever so much better? And the same remark applies to the greater part of the house. The mere man might arrange his study, or the library, if the house is large enough to have one; he can exercise his ingenuity in providing a means of exit in case of fire, in the arrangement of cisterns, and, to put it briefly, in doing what may be termed the purely technical part of the work, but it is safe to assume that a feminine architect would plan the rest of the house to better advantage.

Would a woman arrange the larder in that portion of the house which gets most of the sun? Would she arrange the kitchen in a suburban villa so that you could not get a gas cooking stove into it without spoiling three times as much space as the stove should occupy? And would she ever dream of making a scullery so small that she could not turn herself round while leaving just the desired additional space to form a "forecourt" (save the mark!) to make the house attractive from the outside?

Such were the opinions expressed by the energetic would-be feminine architect. The builder attempted a feeble objection, mentioning something about arrangement of chimneys and general principles, but he could not make out a good case.

Why not have feminine architects? In any case, a member of the sex of which housewives are should have a place as assistant in every architect's office. Probably some members of the profession do consult their wives, but the majority very evidently either work on knowledge acquired second-hand or they ignore the housekeeper's side of the question entirely.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"The Spring Chicken," which was produced at the Gaiety last week, ought to have a most successful run, if charming music, pretty faces, brilliant costumes, and sparkling dialogue count for anything, to say nothing of the fine scenery. Our readers are, no doubt, familiar by now with such charming numbers as Mr. Ivan Caryll's "Gently," "The National Theatre," and "Coquin de Printemps," and with Mr. Monckton's "I Don't Reason, But I Guess," given with such point by Miss Connie Ediss; but in case they have not yet been to the Gaiety I give the cast, which ought to be irresistible, containing as it does so many public favourites:

Gustave Babori (Advocate)	Mr. Geo. Grossmith, jr.
Boniface (his Head Clerk)	Mr. Lionel Mackinder.
Baron Papouche (his Client)	Mr. Harry Grattan.
Felix (Head Waiter at "The Crimson Butterfly")	Mr. Robert Nainby.
Stephen-Henry (Girdle's Son)	Mr. William Spray.
Proprietor of "The Crimson Butterfly."	Mr. Arthur Hatherton.
Alexis ... } Babori's Clerks	Mr. Geo. Gregory.
Ferdinand }	Mr. Harry Taylor.
Waiter	Mr. Leigh Ellis.
Napoleon (Office Boy)	Master Cross.
Joseph Boniface (an Artist)	Mr. Charles Brown.
Inspector of Police ...	Mr. R. Tremayne
Mr. Girdle (Babori's Father-in-Law)	Mr. Edmund Payne.
Mrs. Girdle ...	Miss Connie Ediss.
Baroness Papouche ...	Miss Kate Cutler.
Dulcie Babori (Babori's Wife)	Miss Olive Morrell.
Emmy-Lou (Girdle's Niece)	Miss Olive May.
La Modiste	Miss Isabelle Lidster.
Sylvana ... } Clients of Babori	Miss G. Rowlands.
Thérèse ... }	Miss G. Glyn.
Henriette }	Miss M. Gray.
Yvonne ... } Grisettes	Miss Kitty Mason.
Yvette ... }	Miss Fanny Dango.
Celeste ... }	Miss Ethel Oliver.

played the heroine Maggie, wife of the express driver, and Mr. Robert Forsyth as Maggie's brother, Tom Day; Mr. George Bellamy being seen as the "international criminal," Jim West, and his companion by Mr. Creagh Henry. And for this special performance extra turns included Miss Isabel Jay in the delightful song from "Véronique," "While I am Waiting"; Miss Sydney Fairbrother and Mr. Walter Passmore in "Me and My Little Brood," from the "Talk of the Town"; Miss Winifred Hare in a new song by Reginald Somerville; Miss Ethel Irving as Clarice in "Comedy and Tragedy"; and Mr. H. A. Lytton in "The Four Jolly Sailormen."

At the Coliseum also, on Monday, the version of "I. Pagliacci," by Charles Brookfield (recently seen at the Savoy Theatre) was produced, Mrs. Brown-Potter again playing Nedda and Mr Hare Tonio. Other novelties were—a new recitation, "The Tramp," by Mr. Rutland Barrington, and a new scena for Mr. Bert Gilbert.

At the Lyceum several new features are this week given. Louis Bowmeester, the clever violinist; Miss Alice Raymond, said to be "America's premier cometist"; Lillie Soutter, comedienne; Yukio Tani; and an American skit, entitled, "Change Your Act," in which Messrs. Moore and Littlefield appear. In future the Lyceum curtain will rise at 7.45.

At the Waldorf last week an event occurred of an unusual kind. After the curtain fell between the acts of "Hedda Gabler," Signora Duse came forward and in her native tongue asked for a doctor; it appeared that one of the stage hands had a finger crushed by the iron curtain which had just descended. Among the audience fortunately there were two medical men, and they promptly went to the relief of the unfortunate man.

Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY as Beresby "The Rat," in "The Breed of the Treshams."

The West-end "variety" stage will shortly have three new recruits from musical comedy in the charming Sylvertons, who are to appear in new parts specially written for them by Messrs. George Le Brun and John P. Harrington, two items being "Stars of Society" and "I Don't Know Which to Choose."

In aid of Pearson's Fresh Air Fund Mr. Oswald Stoll produced at the Coliseum last Saturday Mr. Cecil Raleigh's sketch "The Diamond Express." Mrs. Clement Scott, who undertook the cost of the production,

I hear that Mr. Lewis Waller will produce at the Imperial next autumn a new play by Mr. Sutro. It is to be a modern drama, and Mr. Waller considers the work of strong interest all round, having a fine part for himself

The Stage Society will give their first performances on the 26th and 27th inst., when a new three-act modern comedy, entitled, "The New Felicity," by Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, will be produced.

Showing the interest the King takes in matters theatrical and his kind feeling for actors, His Majesty has caused to be sent a cheque for twenty-five guineas in order to secure a box for Mr. Lionel Brough's jubilee *matinée*, which is to take place at His Majesty's on June 15.

Mr. W. Clarkson ought to be a proud and contented man, as Sir Henry Irving has consented to set the coping-stone to his handsome building in Wardour Street. The date of this important function is not yet announced, but no doubt it will take place in a few weeks.

I should advise playgoers not to miss seeing Sir Henry Irving in Louis XI., for his impersonation of the cruel, crafty, superstitious king is a wonderful study of character, and one of Sir Henry's finest parts. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday this week have been set apart for this revival, the principal characters in the cast are here shown:

Louis XI., King of France	Henry Irving.
The Dauphin, afterwards Charles VIII.	Miss May Holland.
Due de Nemours ..	Mr. G. Lawrence.
Philip de Commines	Mr. Mark Paton.
Jacques Coittier, the King's Physician ...	Mr. James Hearn.
Tristan l'Ermite, Grand Provost	Mr. F. Tyrs.
Oliver le Dain ..	Mr. J. Archer.
Francois de Paule	Mr. William Lugg.
Marcel	Mr. C. Dodsworth.
Marie	Miss Maud Fealy.
Martha	Miss G. Hampton.

In September Mr. John Hare will start on a ten-weeks' tour, commencing at Blackpool. He will play in such old favourites as "A Pair of Spectacles," "Caste," "A Quiet Rubber," also in "An Old Jew," Mr. Sidney Grundy's play, which has been revised by the author and renamed "A Son of Israel." This is to be given for the first time at Birmingham, when Mr. Hare will be supported by Messrs. Leslie Faber, Charles Groves, Arthur Grenville, and Ina Dawson; and Miss Sybil Carlisle, Miss Helen Rous, and Miss Audrey Ford

Mr. Frederick Harrison (when his partnership with Mr. Cyril Maude comes to an end) will inaugurate his sole management at the Haymarket by producing a new modern comedy from the pen of Mr. G. M'Lellan, entitled, "On the Love Path," the heroine to be played by that charming actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys. Another leading character, a Millionaire of Chicago, I understand will be impersonated by the popular favourite, Mr. Arthur Williams, who will have a chance of showing what a capital comedy actor he is

Mr. W. Clarkson, the noted perruquier, ought to have the best of good luck in his handsome new premises in Wardour Street, for, a few days ago, Miss Phyllis Broughton called and presented him with a large horse-shoe she had found; the shoe was gilded and bore the inscription "Every good luck to the new house of Clarkson, from Phyllis Broughton, April, 1905."

At Daly's Theatre the place vacated by Mr. Huntley Wright will be taken by Mr. Blakeley, Junr., who inherits his father's gifts as a comedian. Mr. Blakeley has been extremely popular at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, and afterwards was engaged by Mr. George Edwardes, appearing with great success in "Three Little Maids" and "The School Girl."

Mr. Charles Hawtrey will begin his season at the Avenue Theatre on June 19 with a revival of "A Message from Mars," in which Mr. Arthur Williams will again give his clever and characteristic rendering of the Tramp. Mr. Hawtrey sailed from New York last Wednesday

Miss Bertha Moore at the Royalty on Thursday gave a dramatic and musical *matinée*, producing four of her own little plays. Miss Moore was assisted by her sisters (Eva, Decima, and Jessie); also by Miss Dora Barton, and Messrs. Dawson, Milward, Vincent Sternroyal, Ernest Denny, and C. M. Hallard

Warships at Earl's Court.

The appalling annihilation of the Russian fleet has aroused extraordinary interest in the perfect models of the Japanese warships exhibited at the Naval, Shipping, and Fisheries Exhibition, Earl's Court, by the English firms that built the battleships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats responsible for Rojestvensky's downfall. Since the eventful news arrived, the Queen's Palace and Ducal Hall have had large numbers of visitors to see these beautiful miniature replicas. Among others displayed are the battleships *Asahi*, by John Brown & Co., Clydebank, and the *Shikishima* by the Thames Iron Works and Shipbuilding Co., torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers by Yarrow & Co., and the torpedo-boat destroyer *Shirakumo*, by J. J. Thornycroft & Co., and the battleships *Hatsuse* and *Tatsuta*, by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, & Co.

An Interesting Dinner.

At a dinner given to Mr. Joseph Knight at the Savoy Hotel on June 4, Sir Henry Irving, proposing Mr Knight's health, said:—

"My own observation of dramatic criticism is pretty extensive, and it convinced me long ago that the critics do speak their minds, although they may not be all of the same mind. There is a cheerful diversity. Touching upon criticism, on one occasion, I ventured to use the phrase 'rapture of disagreement' to describe the effect produced sometimes by the reading of many notices. An eminent critic has been at the pains more than once since then to explain to me on philosophical grounds why it is impossible for all the critics to take the same view and say the same thing. I am glad they do not. The sameness would be terrible. Even if they always said that we were all incomparable, that would cease to be stimulating after the first shock of surprise, and we should yearn for a discordant note.

But there is one thing we do look for in criticism—the quality which Russell Lowell, himself a great literary critic, called the first essential—the quality of sympathy. Sympathy our friend Knight has always shown—the sympathy which springs from a genuine love of the stage. I don't know how many years he has been writing about the drama. My own memory of him goes back as far as 1860. I knew very early in my professional life that the good opinion of Joe Knight was a great stimulant to a young actor. Well, here he is writing still with undiminished zest, with unclouded vision, with immense knowledge, and with that sympathy which enables a critic to appreciate a purpose even when it is unachieved, and when the means at the young player's command are as yet immature."

THE PROMPTER.

Photo by permission of Messrs. Bassano.

MISS NELL RICHARDSON, who is now singing with great success, "There's a Cosy Corner in my Heart for You" (Pearson's 6d. Music), at the Palace Theatre, Plymouth.

Photo, Play Pictorial.

A picture from "The Little Michus," at Daly's Theatre, London. On the left is Miss Adrienne Augarde; in the centre, Mr. Huntley Wright; and on the right, Miss Mabel Green.

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

A TITANS' BATTLE.

And yet, through all that hail of fire, the *Kennet* tore and turned, uninjured in her vitals. Her funnels were riddled, her high forecastle was pierced through and through, and several shot passed in at one side and out at the other, like perforating paper. But in the heart of her, the engine-room, the destroyer was not damaged, nor was her steering-gear injured.

It was marvellous, incredible, that in that supreme assault she should be unscathed, and yet she roared and surged away and escaped beyond the zone of fire. Then it became possible for Grenville to see what he had done.

A fierce joy, mingled with an overwhelming pity, filled him, for as he looked he saw the most dismaying feature of the battle.

Against the blackness of the night which had now descended, he saw a huge burst of flame, shooting, as it seemed, from the bed of the ocean, like a subaqueous volcanic upheaval; then he heard a deafening, all pervading crash, the like of which had not been equalled even at the worst of the cannonading.

For a moment Grenville's stout heart was appalled, and he pressed a hand across his blackened brow. Then he recovered from his stupefaction, because he realised what had come to pass.

One or both of his torpedoes had struck home, had exploded well below the flagship's waterline, had ripped her hull, in its unprotectd part, into an enormous rent, and had, moreover, exploded her own powder-magazine and made it shatter herself.

Even as Grenville gazed the great ship, burst and torn asunder, dropped back on the surface of the sea and plunged into the gloomy depths. Of her entire surviving crew not a soul remained alive when Grenville's fascination had passed.

But he had no time for moralising or regret. Stern, pitiless, ruthless work had been given into his keeping, and he obeyed the spirit of the order which charged him to destroy and spare not. Reckless of the double danger now, in the night, of firing on or being fired at by friends as well as enemies, he ordered up his two spare torpedoes and charged his tubes afresh, then steamed north.

By this time a strange silence had fallen on the sea. As if by mutual consent there was a lull on both sides until the daylight came and made it possible to distinguish the ships.

Grenville held on what he took to be his course. The slow dawn broke at last, then the grey light strengthened and Grenville saw that he was almost alone on the waters. But towards the East he observed faint outlines of ships and steamed full speed for them. He saw that the ships were his own companions, the survivors of the Channel Fleet. Terrible as the punishment was which the British had inflicted on the enemy, the Commander-in-Chief had not escaped lightly. What his losses were Grenville could not calculate, nor did he pause to consider, inasmuch as the order had been issued that the work of the preceding day should be resumed, and that no vestage of the invading squadron should be allowed to return to the country from which it had come.

"It is annihilation that is needed," said the Commander-in-Chief sternly, "and I will be content with nothing less. My successor—if one is necessary—will remember that. And this also, and in particular—no surrender!"

And so the running fight was continued, and with an enemy, too, who, with all his foolish irritating bombast, proved a gallant foe. That, indeed, was inevitable, because he had forced himself into the position of fighting for his very existence in a place amongst the nations. He clung stubbornly to his resolve not to yield even when he saw that the odds against him were hopeless. His motto also was that of no surrender.

The morning passed, and noon came. Still the roar of the fight was heard, but not so loud and not so fierce as at the outset. Crews were thinning, guns were silent for want of ammunition, engines were feebly working because of damage or coal shortage, and gunners were losing heart and nerve, and therefore aiming wildly and without effect. They retaliated bravely, but against the merciless, incessant onslaught of the Channel Fleet they were helpless and their case was hopeless.

They were harried and driven towards the North of Scotland, in the first instance, back by the way they had come, and for every knot they traversed there was a casualty. Then, by a skilful manœuvre of the British Admiral, they were turned back and forced to fly down the Irish Sea. Thus their hope of salvation by gaining their own waters or the North Sea was destroyed.

Incessantly harassed, ruthlessly chased, pitilessly bombarded, they lumbered on, suffering constantly. This time it was a disabled gun, that time a destroyer was shattered by a long-range shot, then a swoop of British torpedo craft put other vessels out of action. It was like lopping limbs from a body and drawing away the body's very life-blood.

At last even the stubborn enemy recognised that he had met more than his match—that he must yield or be utterly destroyed.

With a sullen heart he made his choice of life, and that meaning yielding, he made his signal of surrender. By nightfall the battle was over and the surviving commanding officer of the invading fleet had been removed to the British flagship. He was escorted to the Admiral's cabin and for a moment the two men, grimy with battle, stared hard at each other.

The captive bowed stiffly. "We have met before, I know," he said.

"Yes," replied the Commander-in-Chief, "and not far from here. It was, I think, when your fleet honoured my country with a visit."

"I remember," continued the prisoner, "that you said that when I came to England again you would——" He hesitated awkwardly.

"Ah, yes," interrupted the victor, with a grim smile, "I remember, too, although I did not think of this."

"You said," added the captive, "that you would guarantee a warm welcome!" He smiled again, bitterly.

The Commander-in-Chief smiled also. "I have kept my word!" he said.

There was a pause. "I suppose," observed the prisoner, "that you are satisfied?"

"With what?" the victor asked.

"Your victory."

"As far as it goes—yes."

"As far as it goes—but our First Active Fleet is put *hors de combat* for the rest of the war."

"I shall not be satisfied," the admiral assured him coldly, "until every one of my opponent's ships has been captured or destroyed."

"You ask a big price," said the captive haughtily.

"The enemy has incurred a heavy debt," rejoined the Commander-in-Chief. "He cannot complain if he is forced to pay what he would extract from others. Now you must excuse me."

He bowed gravely, left the cabin and went on deck, and gave the orders needed for the proper safety of his ships and prizes.

Very slowly he made his way down the Irish Sea, still slowly he steamed towards the Channel, ever watchful, ceaselessly harassed by the possibilities of the unknown, for the chances, he assumed, were even that another German squadron might appear, deprive him of the fruits of his victory and destroy his crippled fleet, or that another British fleet would come and make his triumph certain and lasting.

The Land's End was reached and rounded at last, and the Commander-in-Chief was doggedly holding to his purpose of seeking the shelter and security of Plymouth when the faint darkness of smoke was seen on the horizon. It was obviously the smoke of many ships, and the admiral and his staff, with every soul in the fleet, watched with almost breathless earnestness the changing of the smoke to solid objects.

Who shall describe the yearnings of the captives, or understand the misgivings of the conquerors as the distant objects slowly grew until they developed into shapes of ships of war; and then slowly, so slowly that even the most nerveless man in the fleet almost groaned as he kept his excitement down, it became clearer and more clear that the advancing ships were British?

The admiral broke a long, intense silence.

"The Atlantic Fleet!" he said. "Thank God!"

Then, as the eight magnificent battleships and their cruisers steamed nobly up and joined forces with the battered victors, there arose the first long cheer of triumph from the conquerors.

The hurrahs rang throughout the Channel Fleet, and as their purport was made clear and understood they re-echoed through the Atlantic Fleet also.

The cheers rang again, but louder and more far-reaching, when the prizes were taken into Plymouth, and arose from the throats of men who stood on the spot whence Drake embarked to harry and destroy that other fleet which in the form of the Armada, had dared to sail for an invasion of England.

PEER AND WORKMAN.

But while this great triumph at sea was being won disaster was attending the operations on land. Too late was learnt the bitter lesson of the folly of giving asylum in England to the scum of the world. The serpent had been taken to the country's bosom and warmed and nourished, and now it was savagely attacking its saviour and trying to enfold him in an embrace of death.

Already the alien army had paralysed the commerce of the land, had laid waste many a noble structure, had destroyed at a blow huge business fabrics which had taken generations of building up, and it had sent to death or worse hundreds of the fairest women of the land and hundreds more of little children, for the lust of blood was rampant in the foulest types of men—creatures who knew no pity, who by the very head of their nation had been taught that the soldier's duty was to kill and spare not, and who knew that in victory was their only hope of safety. The die was cast and they must conquer or be destroyed.

Now had come to pass the truth of the prophecy of a British Commander-in-Chief, which was, that once a raid was effected and a picked army of fifty thousand men landed, that army could be marched from one end of the kingdom to the other, and the home defence forces would be powerless to stop it.

There were fifty thousand Germans in England now, and they were helped by the alien rising, by the worthless ruffians, too, of English birth who knew no pity, and pillaged, plundered, murdered, and destroyed because of the spoils of war. Every evil passion in the country was aroused, and law and order ceased to exist. The enemy had counted on such a state of things as this, and once again the result had shown the justness of his calculations.

London was transformed. From a noble and orderly abode of more than five millions of people it had come to be a very hell of conflicting hordes. The vast, overgrown, unwieldly city was like a stricken monster which had been swiftly attacked by overwhelming enemies and for the moment overcome and stunned. History afforded no parallel to the havoc which was done in so short a space of time, because history had never given the same gigantic opportunity. Not Badajoz in the time of Wellington, or Paris in the Revolution witnessed greater horrors or was more hopelessly stricken by pitiless human beings. The drink-maddened British soldier under Wellington and the sexless women of the guillotine were not less merciless than the creatures who held London at their mercy.

The alien army itself had spread over the Metropolis like a pall of death, and while it held the place in bondage and worked its awful will the invading force which had landed at Dover and that which had come ashore at Southampton marched on London from two different points. The North was already being crippled and laid waste, and now these two armies were concentrating on the capital, so that they might strike the most fatal blow of all.

Dover and Southampton are almost equidistant from the capital—roughly speaking, eighty miles away—and the railways have every appliance for the quick handling of rolling stock and troops. What can be done in the way of getting armed men over the ground had been shown by the wonderful performances in England during the South African War; and these lessons had been learnt too well by an enemy which had made a passionless and ruthless study of the problem of invasion, just as it might have worked out a game of chess.

Here, from Southampton, a certain move of a certain number of men was to be made in given circumstances; there a corresponding act was needed. And so it happened that, because of the readiness of the invader and the unpreparedness of the authorities at home,

MISS NINA MAKAROFF, who won the recent Russian Theatrical Beauty Competition.

Photo, Hoink.

AN ARMLESS ARTIST: Mlle. Valli, a young French girl fourteen years of age with wonderful talents and a pretty face. She draws, does needlework, dresses her hair, and sits at table like a normal person, using her feet just as skilfully as others use their hands.

It makes a lady mad to find her Blankets and Furs ruined by moths. She ought, when placing away, to see they are plentifully sprinkled with KEATING'S POWDER. This is unrivalled in killing Moths, Fleas, Beetles, Lice in Children's Heads, whilst harmless to everything but insects. Tins, 3d., 6d.; 1s. New Filled Bellows, 9d.—[ADVT.]

the two advancing armies had concentrated on London and were ready to fight the great battle for possession of the capital.

They were here, in the very heart of the country, and they had gained their place in defiance of all the theories of invasion which had been laid down. In no one respect had they done as imaginary schemers had pictured their performances. They had not come the right way, they had not landed at the right ports, they had not waited for battle at any given spot. But they had come, and they were now in London streets, swarming up from the railway station south of the river and from the other on the north—Waterloo and Charing Cross.

A British Prime Minister from his place in Parliament had declared that invasion was impossible, that it was an eventuality not seriously to be considered, and had thereby lulled the nation, already careless and indifferent, into dangerous security, had allowed home defence preparations to decay and die—and here the country was actually in the grip of an enemy who had done the very thing which had been declared impossible of achievement.

With an adequate regular army in London and available, the invaders could have been leisurely destroyed as they detrained; every man and every officer could have been shot as an example of how not to do it, and as a warning, to remain on record for ever, of the hopelessness and futility of striking such a blow.

But the army was not in London, the fleet was not about the coast. The troops were away at Aldershot and Salisbury Plain and elsewhere, in places from which, because of the crippled railway systems, they could not be rapidly moved.

It was found that long stretches of line by which the soldiers could have travelled had been destroyed, and that the only way of reaching London was by marching. True, when the marching did begin it was to be such as not even Wellington's men had exceeded or even the best of British troops achieved in South Africa—and in both campaigns there was much amazing marching, including that of sixty miles in India between the early morning of one day and the noon of the next—the greatest of the Duke's great marches.

With the awakening—the terrible, overwhelming awakening—to the fact that England was invaded and was for the present held and mastered by an enemy, came the still more stupefying knowledge that the food supply of the country was no longer secure, that a population of more than forty millions of people were dependent for three-quarters of their food on the supplies that were imported from abroad, and that already that supply was to a certainty being cut off. Bread, which a few days ago had been fourpence halfpenny a loaf, had already doubled in price, and there was a prospect not merely of rapid increase, but of actual famine. Even now it was common talk that grain and foodladen ships crossing the Atlantic and coming from Australia and elsewhere had been captured or destroyed and that the same fate had befallen steamers carrying cattle and dead meat. It was known that one of the first efforts of the enemy's cruisers and converted merchant and passenger steamers would be to damage and destroy as far as possible our sea-borne commerce and try the policy of starving a nation into submission.

One of the first inevitable consequences of this state of things was a rush for the foodstuffs which were already available for seizure. Provision shops were gutted, wholesale and retail business houses were ransacked, and under the influence of the fear of famine rioters, reckless of danger, stormed every likely place from end to end of London.

Docks, wharves, warehouses, factories—all were looted, and the very ships and barges in the river were boarded and depleted. Public-houses and hotels were rifled, and the countless shop-windows where eatables and drinkables were shown for sale were smashed and emptied of their goods. Hordes of men and women lay helplessly drunk in the streets, and in the poorer squalid quarters children too were intoxicated.

No brush can picture and no pen describe the scenes which now became so common. London was one colossal place of loot and outrage. There was talk of wholesale massacre and extermination of the governing and upper classes—the people whose supineness and neglect was held to be the cause of the invasion of the country; there was wild talk of treachery, of selling to the enemy, of conniving at his raid and making it possible and probably successful.

In that hour of gravest and most deadly peril it was strange that some of the worst enemies in England's midst should be Englishmen themselves; that the most cruel people should be Englishwomen who had thrown aside all gentleness of sex and crushed all humanity within them. But war is war, and this was one of the prices which London was paying for it.

John Steel saw it all and understood its terrible significance. Some of those with whom he had marched when the trouble first began were amongst the worst of the offenders. He tried to stop them in their headlong riot and found that he might as well have tried to check the Thames in flood.

"The swells an' the landlords have had their turn, now it's ours," they told him fiercely, and gave him his choice of joining them and keeping with them, or being driven from their ranks. He chose to leave them and slipped away unseen and unobstructed, wondering what he should do.

His wife and child were, he believed, safe in the North by this time, and for that small mercy he was profoundly thankful. But he was oppressed by a feeling of hopeless misery, a conviction that the worst had happened to his country, and that Great Britain was no longer a nation. His rugged imagination pictured the triumph of the alien and the enemy and the establishment of a foreign government on English soil; the reduction of Great Britain to the level of a second-rate nation and the usurpation of her place by a foreign power. In a word he vividly imagined just that condition of affairs which it was the invaders' long-cherished purpose to create.

"Surely it can never be!" he groaned. "It isn't possible! God could never let it happen! An' me an' others like me are partly responsible for this! It's us 'at's let this hell of war in England loose. I must get to some quiet corner an' think it out. I'd rather ha' died a thousand deaths nor be a party to a thing like this!"

He struck away from the great thoroughfare into which he had walked quickly, and, deaf to the sounds of rioting and fighting which he heard on every hand, he entered a large, strangely silent square.

By chance he had walked into the square in which Lord Harden's town house stood, and he leaned dispiritedly against the iron railings which surrounded the glorious green lawn and fine old trees in the centre. His gaze was on the roadway and his hands were thrust deep into his pockets. They were empty pockets—empty even of food. And they were empty although John Steel could have safely filled them ten times over with the loot of jewellers' and goldsmiths' shops. Even in the hour of riot he had scorned to be a thief.

Lord Harden watched him from his study window, then signalled to his daughter to join him. "There," he said bitterly, "is one of the lazy scoundrels who are wrecking London and crippling the Empire. I have seen with my own eyes my fellow countrymen guilty of acts which I should not have looked for even in the savagest of foes. I am beginning to wonder which is the worse—the lowest type of my own countrymen or the enemy in our midst."

Lieutenant Grenville's bride joined her father and looked at the melancholy figure across the road. Then she uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Why," she said, "I have seen that man before!"

"Very likely," said her father grimly. "I suppose you have seen him rioting—or worse. The fellow looks as if he had been firing, wrecking, shooting, pillaging and God knows what! I'll warrant he has never slept a wink since this monstrous business began."

"I am sure you are wrong," she answered warmly. "I saw him in the crowd of unemployed when—when I was with Dick," she sighed heavily. When she was with Dick—her husband! It was all like a distant dream, that spell of happiness, and she shuddered as she involuntarily pictured what might have befallen him now.

"It is enough that the fellow was in the crowd," asserted the peer harshly. "The crowd was the origin of the struggle."

"Because it was forced to be," she told him.

"Well," he added, "I would not give two minutes' purchase for his life when the authorities get him, as they will, and everybody else like him, when this outbreak is suppressed. They have played into the hands of the invaders, and they must pay the penalty. A far milder judge than Jeffreys would hang the lot—and serve them right. It will be a warning and an example to them all for ever!"

His pale face flushed as he spoke, and his thin hands clenched as if they had the wrongdoers in their grasp. Small mercy would have been granted to them by Lord Harden if he had had the punishing of them in his power.

(To be continued.)

Eye-Strain

Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT**, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

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On Spaniels.

The handy man of the sporting varieties of dogs, the spaniel, is well worth the attention of most people who have a little shooting and fair accommodation for the training and keeping of dogs. There is a splendid market for them. Just now the Cocker is in fashion. The points of the black Cocker are as follows:—

Head: Not so heavy in proportion, and not so high in occiput, as in the modern field spaniel, with a nicely developed muzzle or jaw; lean, and yet not so square as in Clumber or Sussex varieties; always exhibiting a wide and well-developed nose. A rounded and well-developed skull, with room for brain power.

Eyes: Full, not prominent, hazel or brown, with expression of intelligence and gentleness, decidedly wide-awake, bright and merry.

Ears: Lobular, set low, leather fine, and not extending beyond nose. Clothed with long silky hair, straight or wavy, no positive curls or ringlets.

Body: Not quite so long and low as in other breeds of Spaniels. More compact and firmly knit together. Weight not above twenty-five pounds.

Nose: Sufficiently wide and developed to ensure the exquisite scenting powers of this breed. Colour black.

Shoulders: Sloping and fine.

Chest: Deep and well developed.

Back and loin: Strong and compact in proportion to size and weight of dog; slightly drooping towards tail.

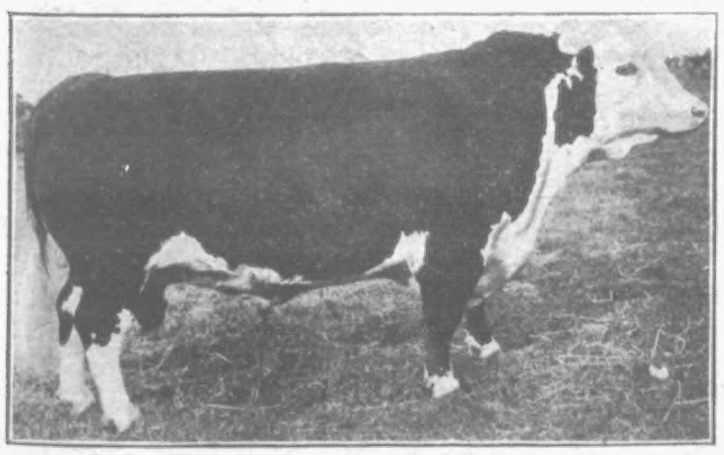
Hind-quarters: Wide, well developed, muscular.

Stern: The most characteristic of blue blood in all the Spaniel family may be found in the lighter and more active Cocker; although set low down it may be allowed a slightly higher carriage than in other breeds. Never cocked up over, but rather in line with, the back.

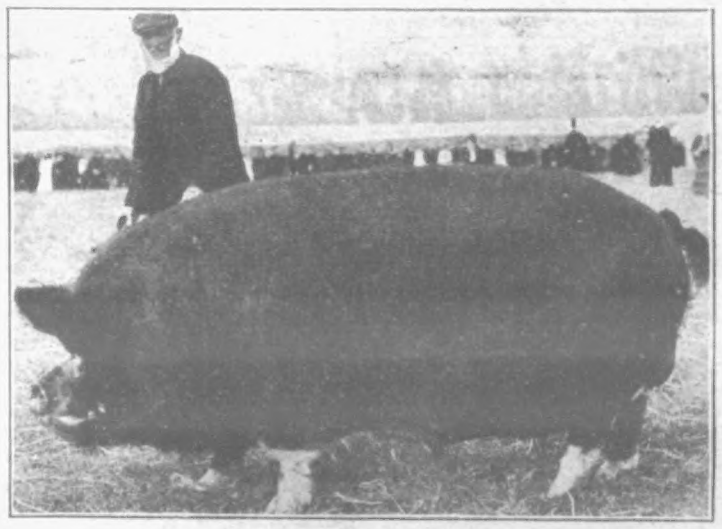
Feet and legs: Feet firm, round, and catlike, not too large, spreading, and loose jointed. Legs well bowed, feathered, and straight.

Coat: Flat or waved, silky, never wiry, woolly, or curly.

Colour: Jet black, a white chest should never disqualify; but white feet not allowed in any specimen of self-colour.



BATH AND WEST SHOW: His Majesty King Edward's Hereford Bull "Fire King," which won the first prize.



BATH AND WEST SHOW: The Champion Berkshire Boar, "Highmoor Mikado," the property of Mr. G. T. Inman, J.P.

Cut Green Bone versus Bone Shavings.

Cut green bone and bone shavings are generally one and the same thing—the cutting reduces the bones to shavings. Bonemeal, however, is different, as, in this case, the bones are generally treated so that most of the oil leaves them, and they are so dry and brittle that they can be reduced to powder, in which state they are practically useless for fowls, all the nourishment having been extracted from them. Cut green bone may be put into a trough twice or thrice a week, so that birds can help themselves, or it may be mixed with soft food. The allowance for each adult fowl per diem is said to be half an ounce. The proper times to supply it are when hens and pullets are about to commence their laying period, and while they are regularly producing eggs in winter. It is really not suitable for chickens, that is, it should not be added to the chickens' meal so that they are forced to eat it.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Blood as Food for Poultry.

It is estimated that the butchers in France spill 110,000,000 kilogrammes of blood in a year. In the villages the people do not know how to utilise it, and the butchers leave it to go putrid, or throw it on the dunghill. Instead of allowing it to lose its utility one should employ it as nourishment for birds of the poultry yard, which will take it either raw or cooked. When it is cooked it becomes a brownish colour, similar to that which it presents in a pudding or sausage; and it keeps rather longer cooked than raw. For administering it to poultry it is necessary to mix the raw clots or cooked blood with some potatoes or meal. The best thing to do is either to cook the blood and meal together or to dry up the blood. For this last operation one throws the clot in boiling water, and when it has acquired the consistency of a piece of liver one takes it out again and then cuts it into thin slices, which are dried in the oven. These slices are reduced to a powder

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with a coffee grinder for with a meat-cutting machine. This blood powder mixes very well in meals, the poultry devouring it without difficulty, and wasting less than when it is raw or merely cooked. Unfortunately, blood cannot be kept for more than three or four days, and it is only used when one finds oneself in the proximity of a slaughter-house, otherwise the expenses of carriage add considerably to its cost.

Packing Eggs.

For packing purposes the use of a stout wooden box, some soft grass, and a newspaper or two is recommended. Line the box with the soft grass a couple of inches deep all round; then, having wrapped the eggs in a separate piece of paper, so that the covering presents edges and folds, place them in rows of odd and even alternately, leaving about an inch between each row and egg. This space should be filled with soft grass packed rather tightly, to prevent misplacement and consequent damage to the eggs. If a second layer be necessary, proceed as before, except to add two inches of packing to the top as at the bottom. It is important that the soft grass be packed rather tightly, otherwise during the journey it will loosen, and cause the eggs to come in contact with each other, with disastrous results. The lid should be screwed on, and on no account nailed; and, for convenience in handling, the box should be well corded. Good substitutes for soft grass are bran and sawdust from hard wood (not pine) well dried, but when these materials are used it is best to put a sheet of paper on them before placing on the layer of eggs, and after filling in the space between the rows again to cover with paper previous to adding the top layer of packing, the spaces being the same as above mentioned. There are numerous boxes on the market with properly formed compartments that are most suitable for the purpose: but those of cardboard are almost useless. The package should be labelled "Valuable eggs, with care," in large letters, and forwarded by express delivery.

Vegetable Marrows.

Many make a great mistake in sowing these far too early, with the result that the plants become starved and pot-bound long before they can be safely planted outdoors, says a writer in *Gardening Illustrated*. The third week in May is quite soon enough to sow, and, if raised in gentle heat, the plants are then in just the right condition for setting out by the end of the month or early in June. If fruits are required early in the season, as they are in some establishments, the seed must be sown in the beginning of May, but there are generally appliances on hand in such cases for affording the plants the necessary shelter, such as handlights or cloches. Again, when a few marrows are required for exhibition, early sowing must be resorted to, but here again the grower is prepared with the means of protecting the plants until warmer conditions warrant their being left exposed altogether. Under ordinary circumstances, then, early sowing is to be deprecated, as is also the raising of the plants in pans, large pots, or boxes. This latter proceeding leads to much root disturbance when the time arrives for potting them off, and a check is the natural result. It is much better to sow the seed singly in a 60-size pot, and then there is no need whatever to disturb them afterwards beyond planting them out. Many sow the seed at the end of May or beginning of June where the plants are to grow. Some make up a slight hotbed for the purpose; others make use of old hotbeds on which potatoes have been forced, while not a few prepare ridges by opening out a wide trench as for celery, and putting in manure to the depth of 2 ft. Five inches to 6 in. of soil are then thrown on the top of the manure and levelled off, and the remainder of the soil banked up against the manure on either side. Pot plants well hardened may also be utilised for planting in any of these positions in the third or last week in May, but they should be protected at night for a week or two, as it is often very cold early in June.

Well-Kept Lawns.

Many things are necessary to the formation of the perfect pleasuance, but nothing contributes more liberally to the charm of the garden than a velvety lawn. A lawn of this description suggests high keeping, such as the maintenance of the fertility of the soil, the suppression of weeds, and regular and careful rolling, sweeping, and mowing. The beneficial results of heavy rolling early in the season are generally known, but in many instances are not fully appreciated. Heavy rolling at the present time not only renders the soil firmer to the tread, and reduces the irregularities of surface so objectionable in garden games, but they are decidedly beneficial to the grass. Thorough sweepings, both before and after the mowing machines have been brought into use for the season, are beneficial to the grass, while improving their appearance, and the lawns should have the advantage of the broom being passed over them carefully. In the keeping of lawns present-day gardeners possess material advantages as compared with past generations. There are now motor mowers, by which large areas of grass can be cut at a very rapid rate, and there are various implements for cutting and trimming verges that greatly facilitate this work, and thereby effect a considerable saving in time as compared with the older implements.—*Gardeners' Magazine.*

"SIR" DAVY, the old Kingstown newsman, who is liberally patronised by Royalty whenever they visit Ireland. Davy came to Epsom this year to see the Derby for the 32nd time.

"SIR" DAVY.

Davy Stephens recently wrote to His Majesty wishing him a pleasant Easter, and received the usual acknowledgment. The King was away abroad at the time, but no doubt his secretary, seeing the importance of a letter from the Kingstown newsman, forwarded the good wishes after him. Sir Davy is now sixty-one. With his long locks and weather-beaten complexion and his sou'wester, Davy is a familiar figure to every traveller by the Kingstown and Holyhead Mail route. Every morning at four o'clock, wet or dry, hail or snow, Davy is on the pier managed to gain entrance through a window. The widow is now to appear at the courts, charged with contravention of the betting law.

Silhouette Competition

FIRST PRIZE: A MOTOR-BICYCLE.

This Competition closes Wednesday, June 14

All you have to do is to write clearly in ink underneath each of the silhouettes the surname of the man or woman you believe it to be. If there are two people of the same name you must put the Christian name as well.

Do not hesitate to compete, even though you may not be able to name all the pictures. Other competitors may not be so clever as yourself.

No alterations may be made in the names. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross out the name and write it again.

Only one name must be written under each picture.

When you have filled in all the names and the coupons send them in addressed to

THE EDITOR, "P.I.P.,"
17 Henrietta Street,
Covent Garden, W.C.

The word "*Competition*" should be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

The prize of a "Centaur" motor-bicycle will go to the competitor from whom the Editor receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions, and other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion. The published decision is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

Details will be given next week of a grand new competition — the most fascinating and original contest ever invented.

FROM THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

Will you please let me know what you think of this number of the Penny Illustrated Paper? It will not take you a minute to jot down your opinion on the back of a post-card, and I shall regard it as a great personal favour if you will do so.

I want to know just what features you like best in the paper. If you want more news, pictures, or more sport, more theatrical pictures, more serial story, or less of any of these, just say so.

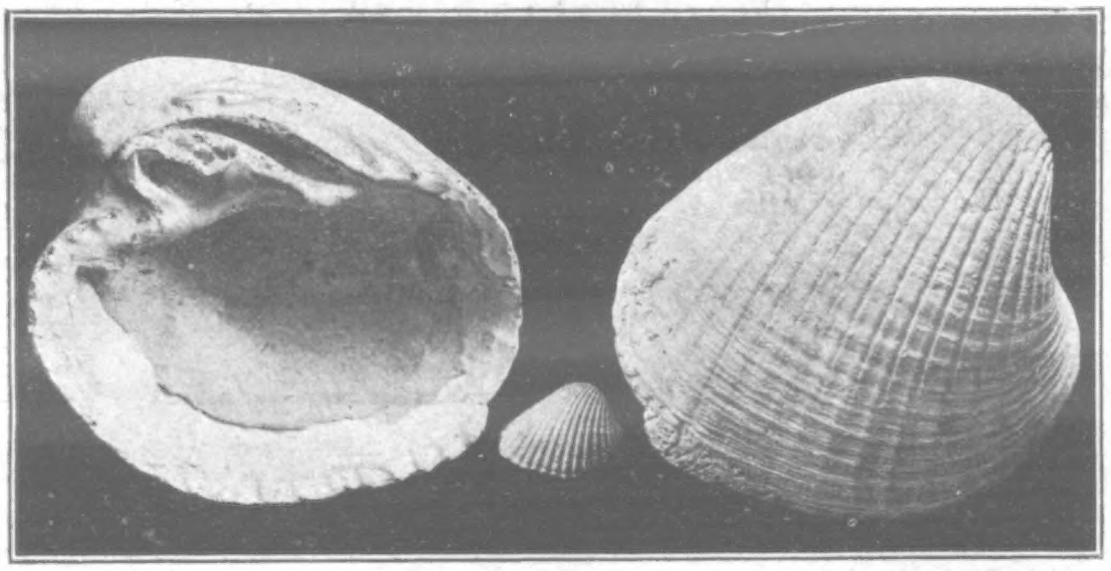
Do you like Mr. Walter Wood's thrilling serial story? Are you entering for our competition? I want you to tell me all these things, because the Penny Illustrated Paper is run to please you.

You will have noticed that we have recently introduced many marked improvements into the P.I.P. I feel that I can confidently assert that it is the best penny illustrated paper in the world. And there are still further improvements in store.

Meanwhile please do me the favour of sending that post-card addressed to the Editor, Penny Illustrated Paper, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

A GIANT COCKLE.

The photograph of the giant or hencockle, which we give on this page, is of one which was recently dug up from beneath the sea beach at Selsey, Sussex. The comparison between this shell and the ordinary edible cockle which we have photographed beside it will show what a tremendous member of the cockle family it is. Specimens of this are only to be found in the Tertiary strata beside the Eocene rocks, in what is locally called Bracklesham beds. It may be mentioned here that geologists cannot fix the age of the giant cockle (*Cardita Planicosta* it is called by those scientists whose hobby it is to search out important names for such things), and that it is only possible to arrive at its antiquity by expressing the same in geological periods. The shell we show may be 5,000 years old, but it may just as easily be ten times that age. As we have mentioned, geologists only reckon by periods. For instance, on the top of the earth we have deposits which belong to the post-tertiary period; beneath we find fossils of the tertiary period; then, downwards, we come to other geological periods, each of which may represent a thousand or a million years, for all anyone knows. At all events, one thing is certain, our specimen must have contained a living mollusc quite 5,000 years ago, at the very least. It belongs to the group scientifically termed *Lamelliabranchiæ*. It is a characteristic of the Bracklesham Beds of the Sussex Coast and is also found in similar beds in the Paris Basin in France, where it is very plentiful. This shows that that part of the Republic was once at the bottom of the sea. The pointed end of the shell is called the hinge and it is worth noticing that the valve we show is the right one of an original bivalve. Also that the *Cardita Planicosta* is absolutely the most strongly built bivalve known. A glance at the photo will show you how massive is the hinge. Into the grooves there fits the left valve, which has projections to fit those grooves and muscles to keep the cockle closed. The outside is beautifully ribbed, and a close examination will show how marvellously exact are all the curves. This ribbing is called external sculpture. It may be mentioned that when these giant cockles are dug up they are comparatively soft, and only petrify upon some little exposure to the air. Therefore, it is difficult to obtain a good specimen without injuring it. It cannot but be interesting to know that when one looks upon a pre-historic relic like this one is looking upon what contained a living, moving thing scores of centuries before we ourselves appeared in the world. The giant cockle, when found to contain a mollusc, is rarely eaten, except by fishermen.



A GIANT COCKLE: The shell shown in the above photo was picked up in the Bracklesham Beds, at Selsey, Sussex. In the centre is an ordinary cockle, by which the great size of the giant may be compared. This huge specimen cannot be less than 5,000 years old, but authorities differ as to how much more ancient it may be.

THE WIDOW AND THE POLICE.

As the members of a smart betting agency in Paris, conducted by a widow, were setting out for the French Derby with a considerable sum of money, there came a knock at the door. On opening it the widow was confronted by a well-dressed man, wearing a magisterial sash of office, and four other men, apparently policemen, in plain clothes. The wearer of the sash introduced himself as a commissary of police, and proceeded to examine the betting books, and eventually carried them off and all the money, after intimating that he would continue the inquiry. The widow soon found that she had been duped, but was afraid to report the matter to the police. Shortly afterwards a real commissary and his assistants appeared, but the widow took them for more thieves, and refused them admittance. It was only after great difficulty that they waiting to see his friends. He received a great many congratulations on his birthday. Since King Edward landed at Kingstown as Prince of Wales some forty years ago, Davy has received a good many gold coins from our monarch; and when Royal visitors arrive at Kingstown, Davy's stall has been invariably patronised for the supply of papers. Davy hopes to win some Water Wag prizes with his yacht this year. He visited the Derby this year. This has made the thirty-second year in succession he has gone to witness the classic event. He called on some of his best friends in London, among whom we may mention: Sir Alfred Harmsworth, Mr. Sutton, the Editor of the London *Daily Express*, the Editor of *Ally Sloper*, Sir George Newnes, and his manager, Mr. Harrison, also the managers of the London Empire and Alhambra. Davy also made his usual call at Buckingham Palace.

N.B.—*By-the-bye, I am always glad to hear from any of my readers at any time. If you think you have any snap-shots of your own taking which would be suitable for the paper, send them along, and I will pay you for them. If there is anything you want to know and can't find it in any reference books you have handy, write to me, and I will endeavour to answer your questions in the columns of the paper.*

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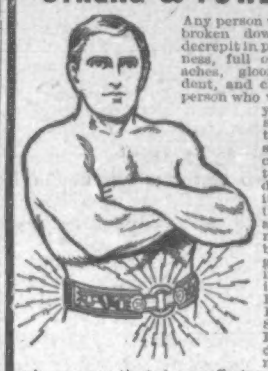
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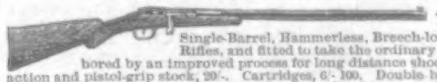
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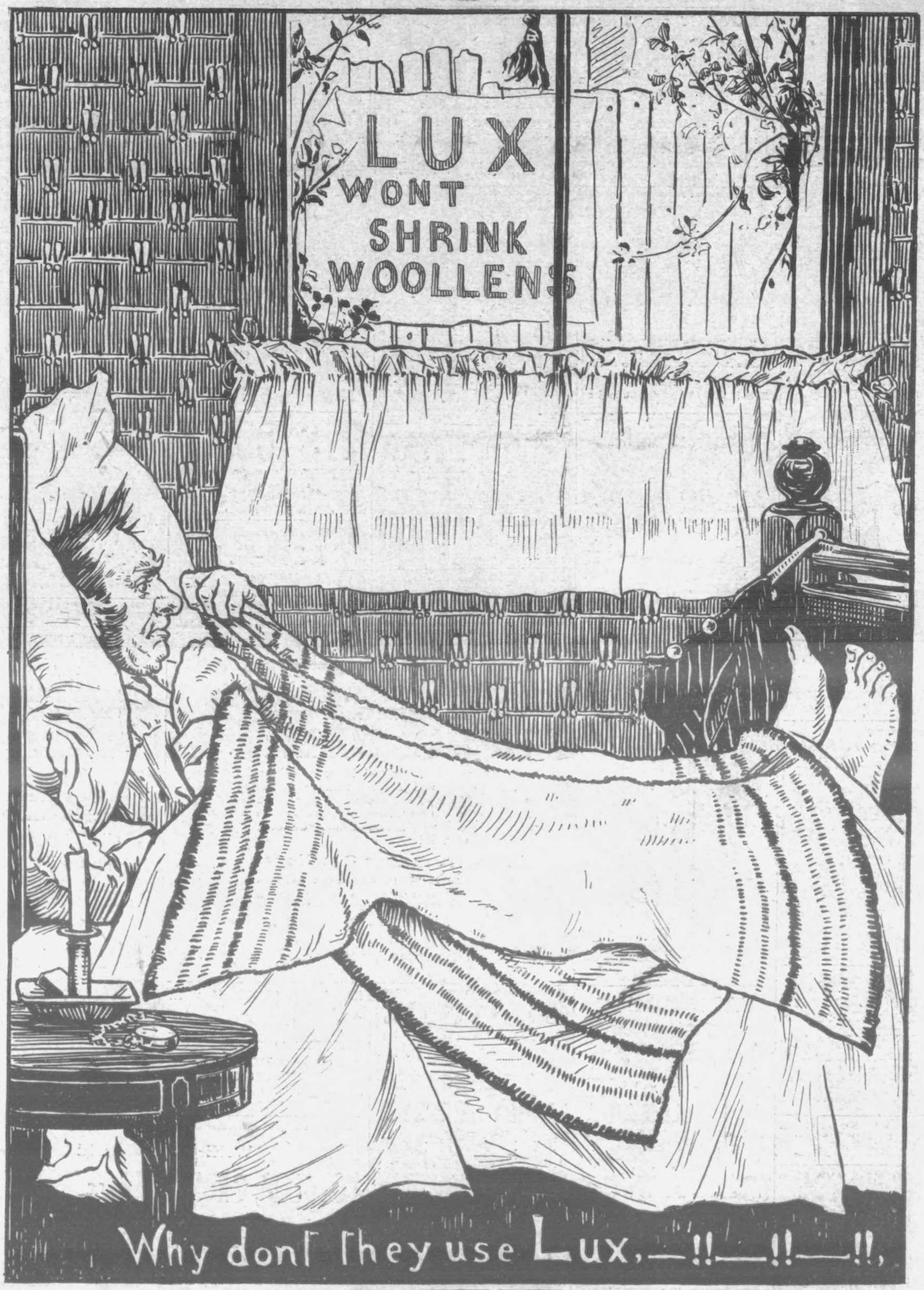

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